

AMAZING

NO. 25
DEC.
10¢

MAN

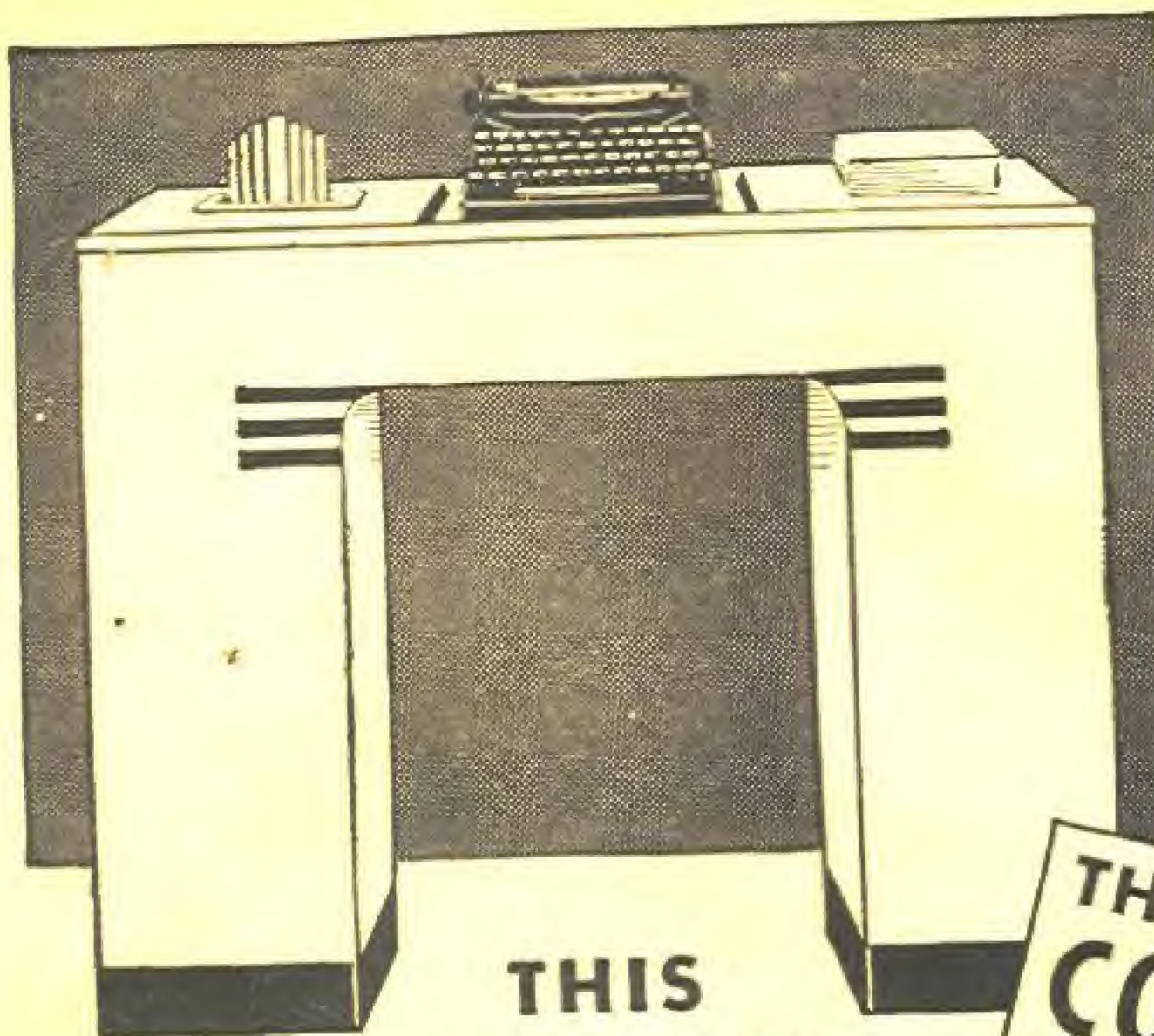
COMICS

THE ONE AND ONLY
AMAZING MAN, AID-
ED BY TOMMY, THE
BOY WONDER, COMES
TO THE AID OF A
FRIENDLY NATION IN
HER HOUR OF TROUBLE!!





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THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY
REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept 207-41
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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AMAZING-MAN

WAR OVER EUROPE! A LONE BRITISH BATTLESHIP GRIMLY PATROLS THE SEA BETWEEN OSTEND, BELGIUM AND THE ENGLISH COAST! SUDDENLY A BRILLIANT AURA OF HIGHLY CHARGED ELECTRONS SURROUND THE SHIP!.....



DECKER.



UNNOTICED A FURTIVE FIG-
URE SLIPS AWAY FROM
THE ADMIRALTY CONFERENCE



WEBER? I HAVE NEWS! THEY
ARE CALLING IN AMAZING
MAN!



AMAZING MAN
MUST BE STOPPED!
THAT IS YOUR DUTY!
UNDERSTAND?

AMAZING MAN RECEIVES
A CABLEGRAM

THEY WANT US TO GO
TO LONDON IMMEDIATELY!



ARE WE GOING
BY PLANE?

NO!... CAN'T GET BOOK-
INGS... WE'LL TAKE THE FIRST
FAST BOAT!

OKAY! LET'S
GET PACKED!



LOOK AMAN!
A SUBMARINE!

YES, I SEE IT!
LET'S CHANGE OUR
CLOTHES, TOMMY!



HURRY
UP FELLER.
SHOW SOME
SPEED!

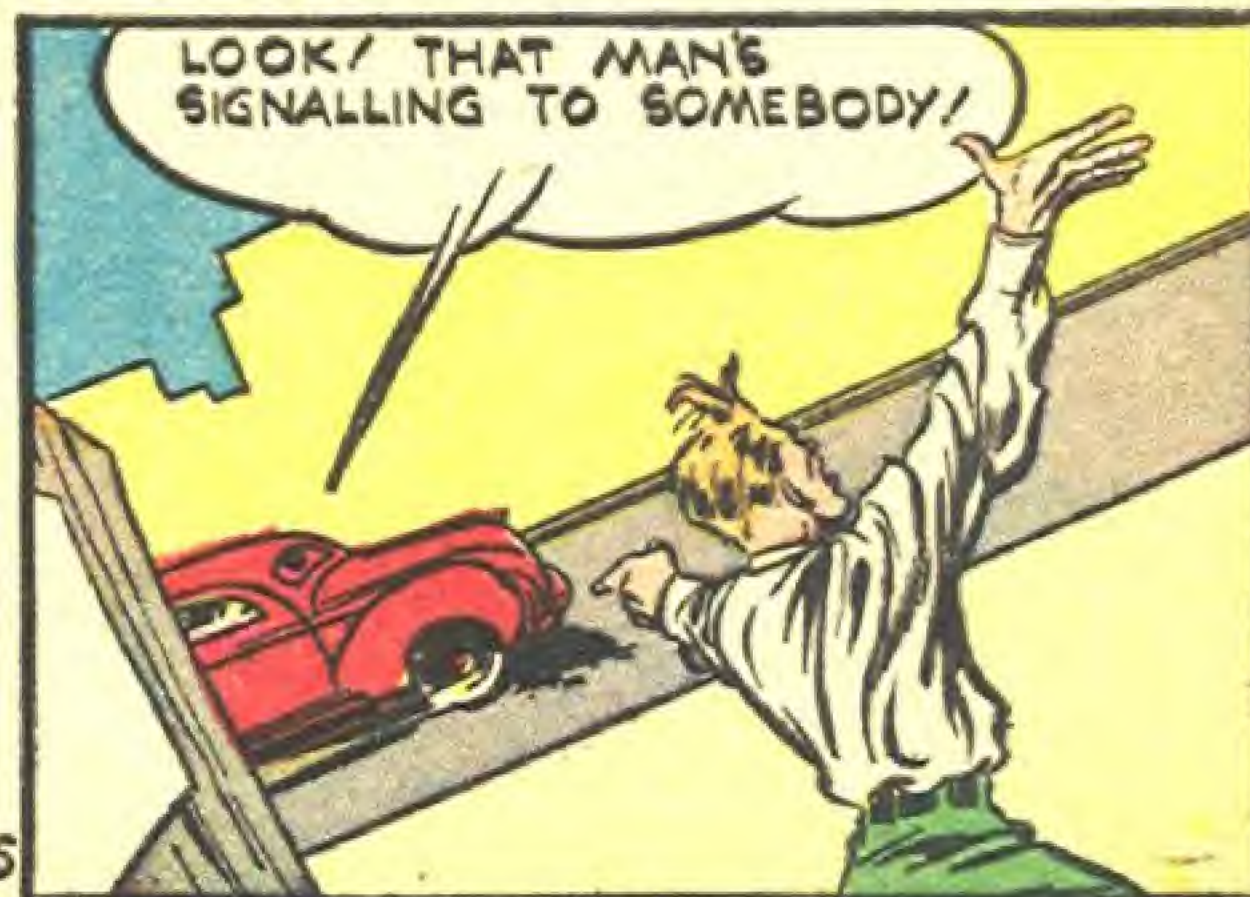


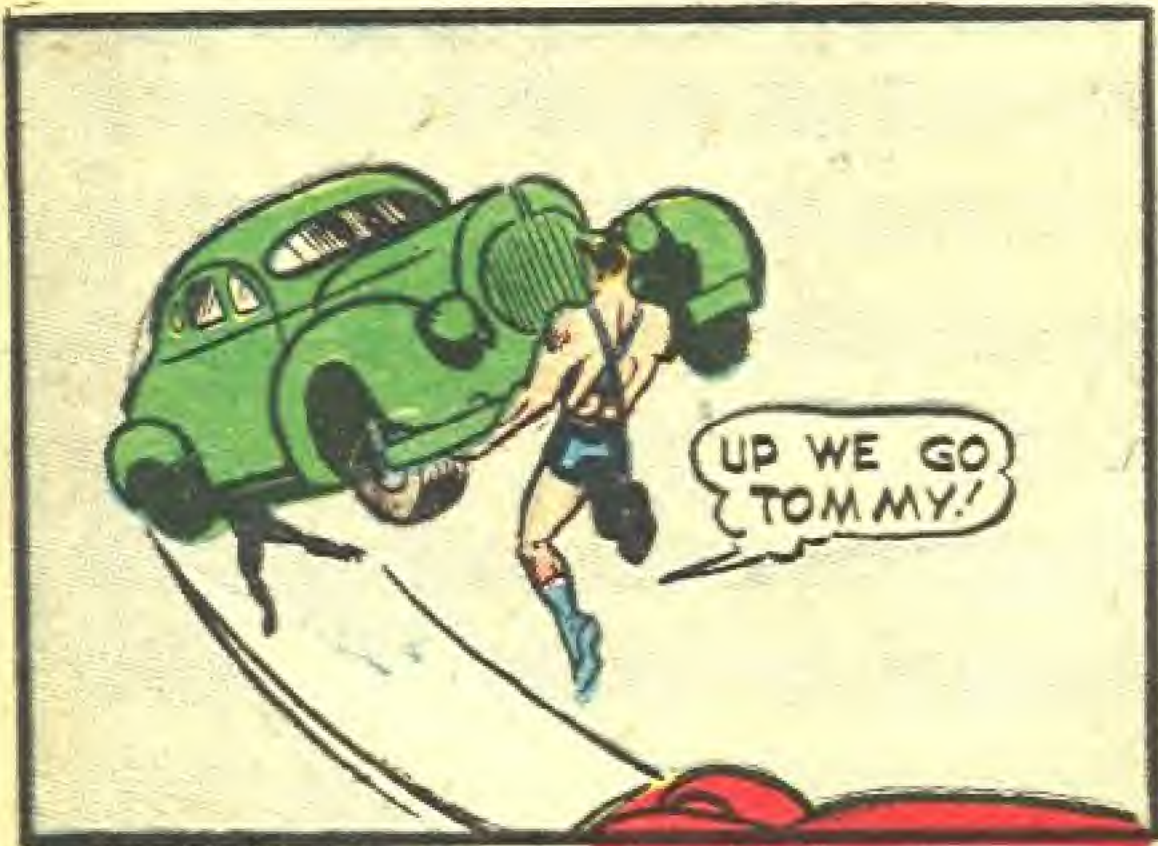
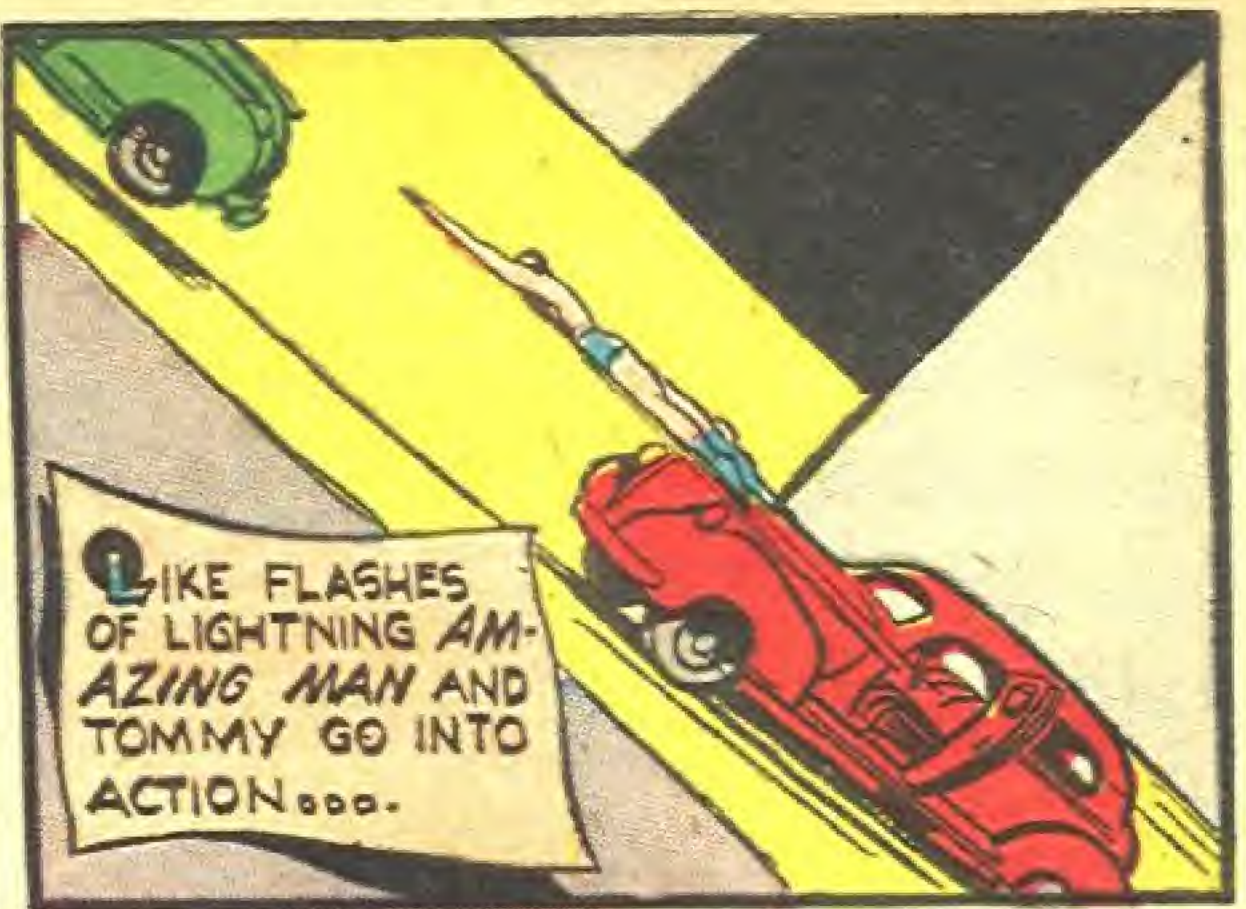
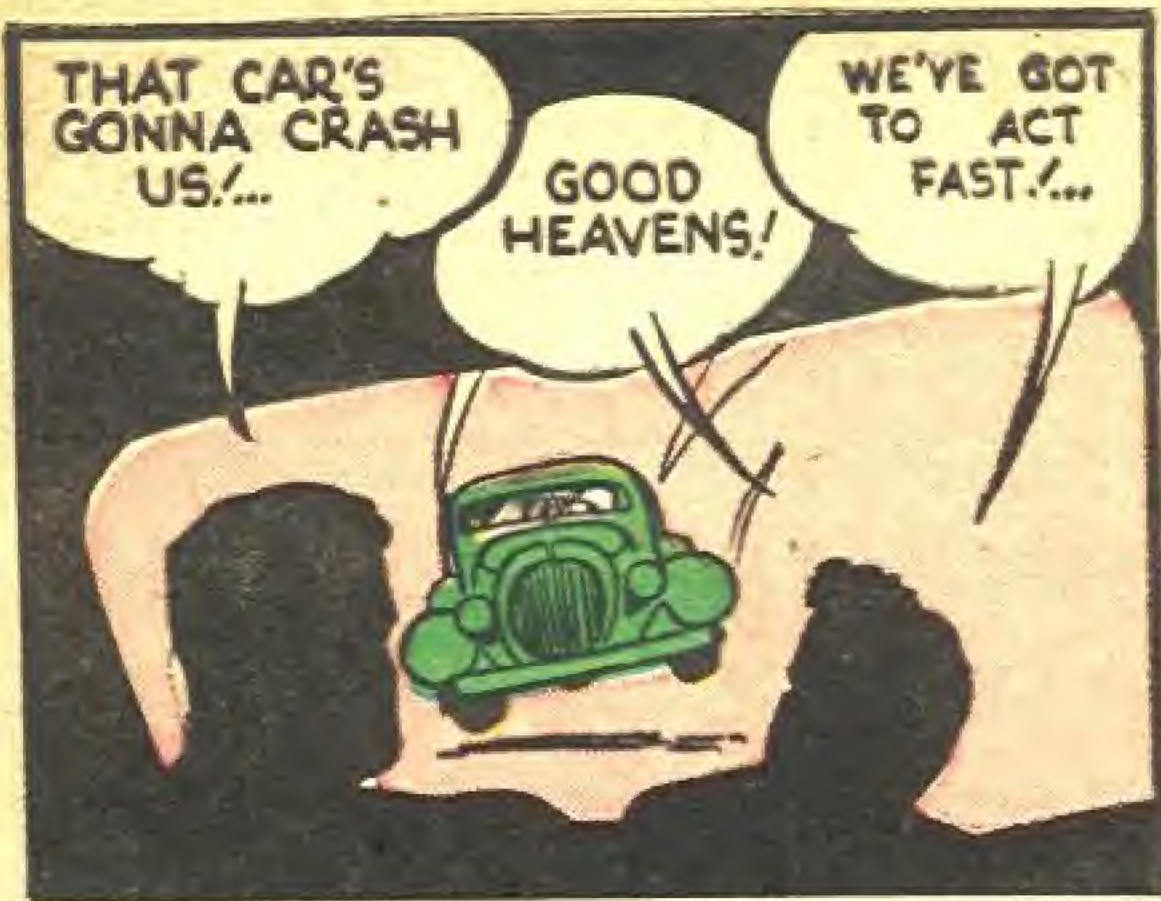
THEY'VE SHOT
A TORPEDO!
GET IT TOMMY!
I'LL HANDLE THE
SUBMARINE!

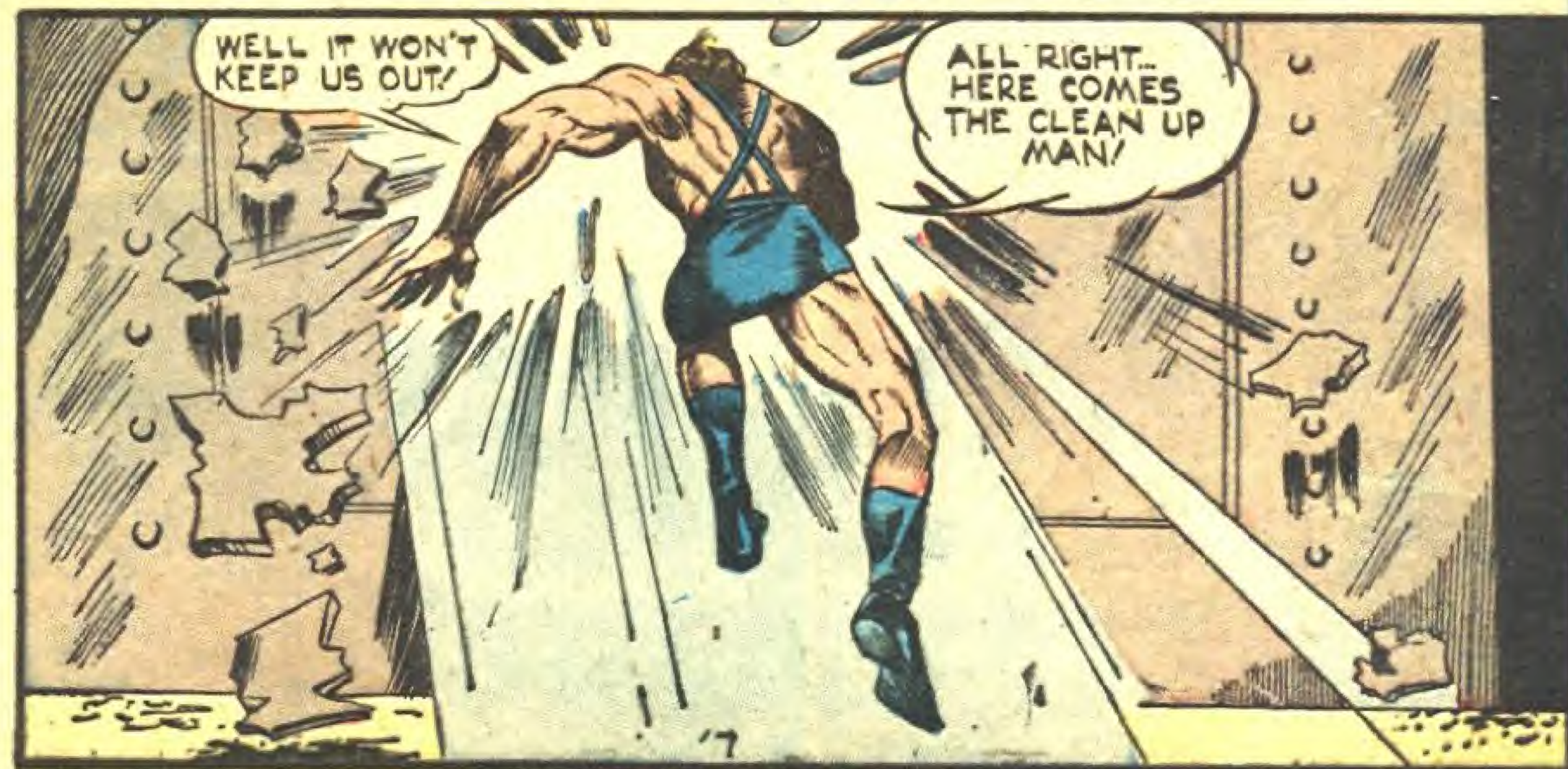


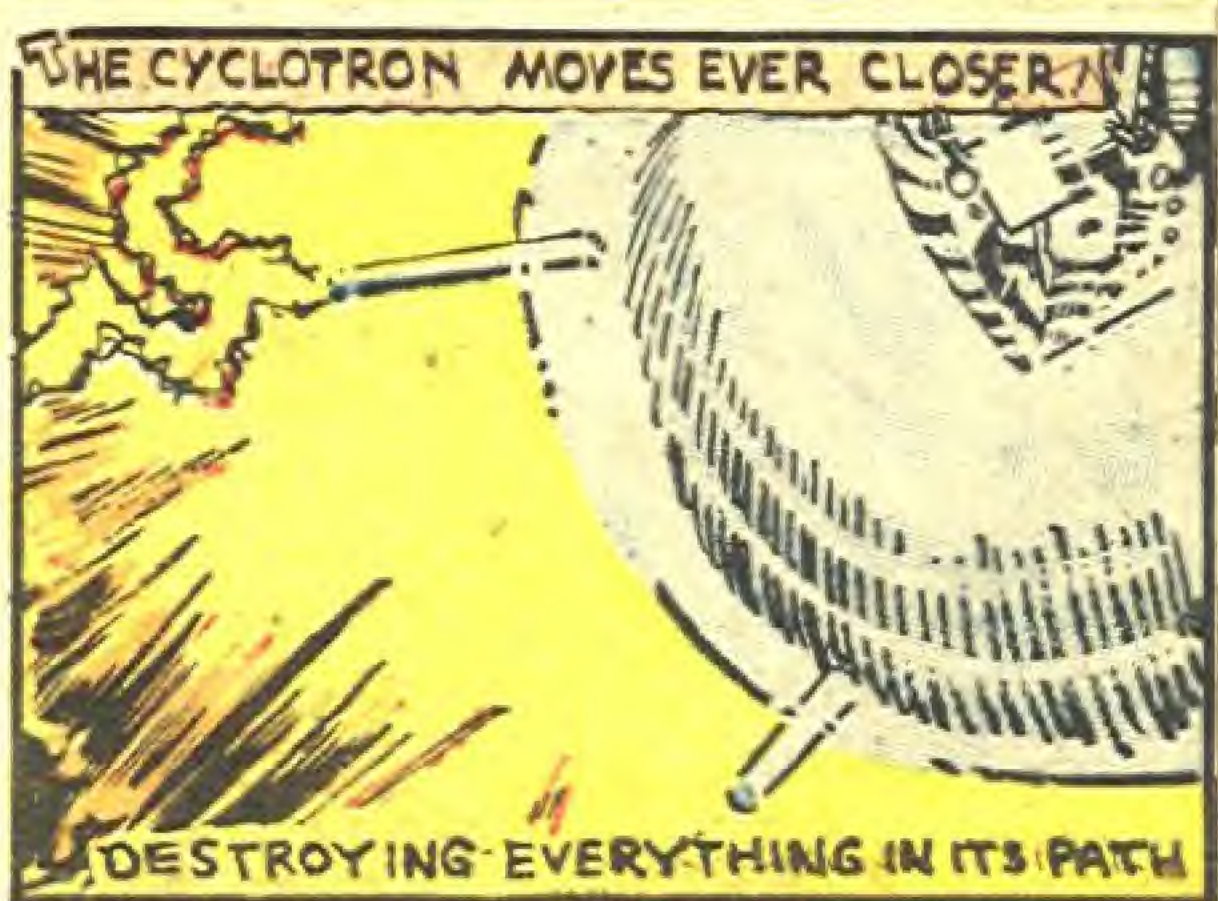
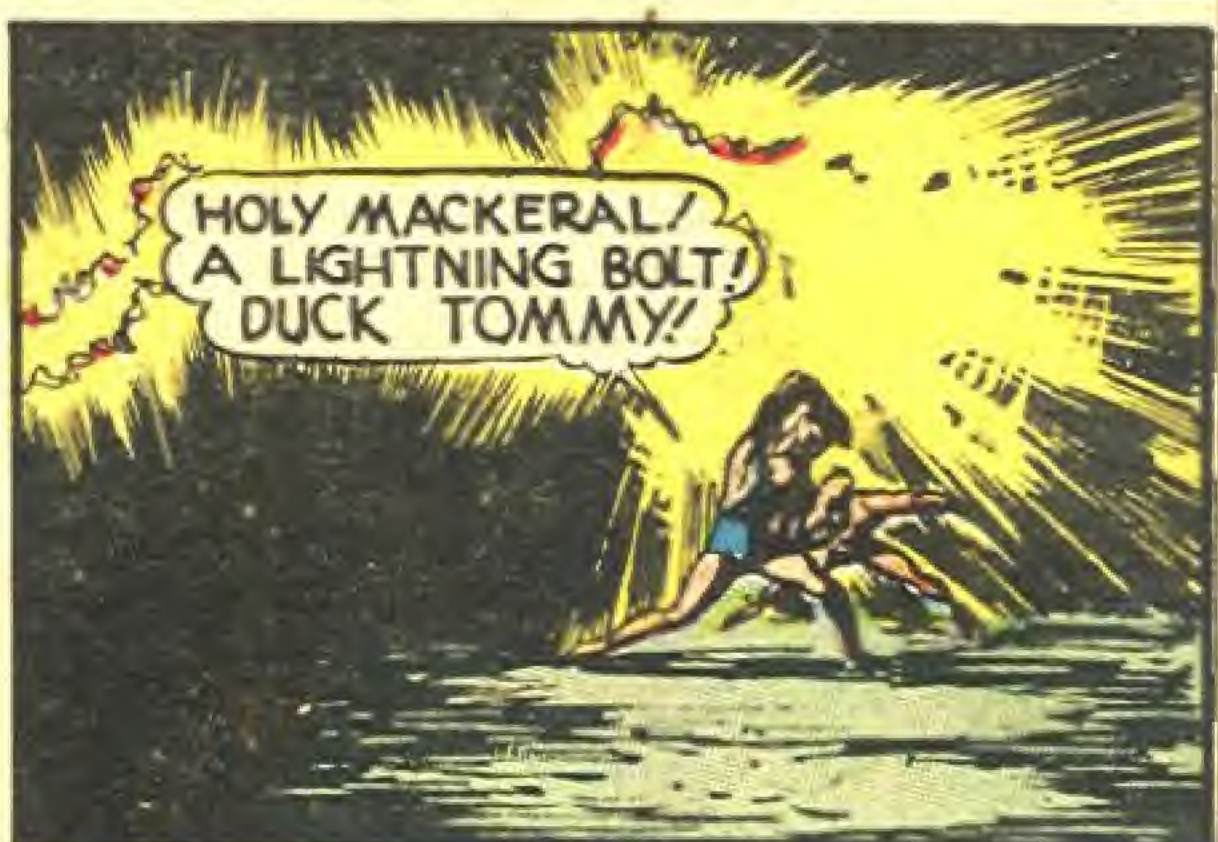
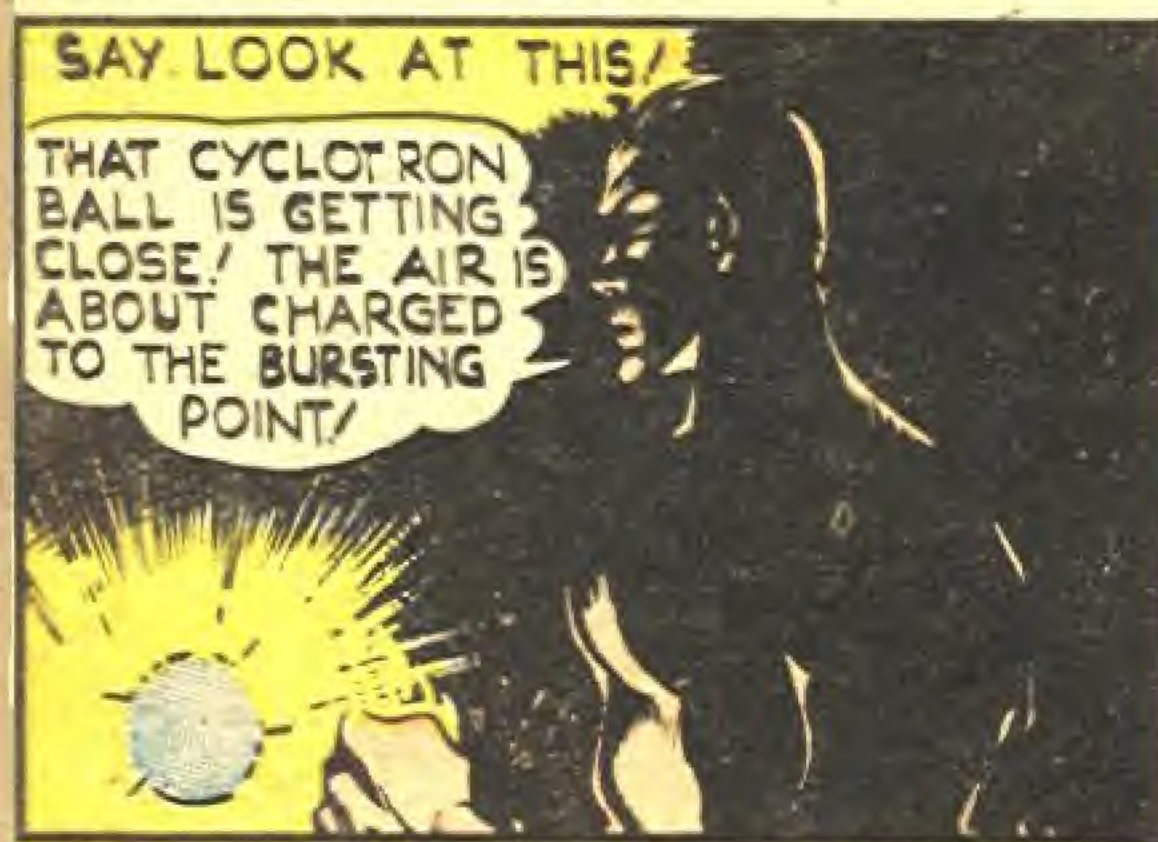
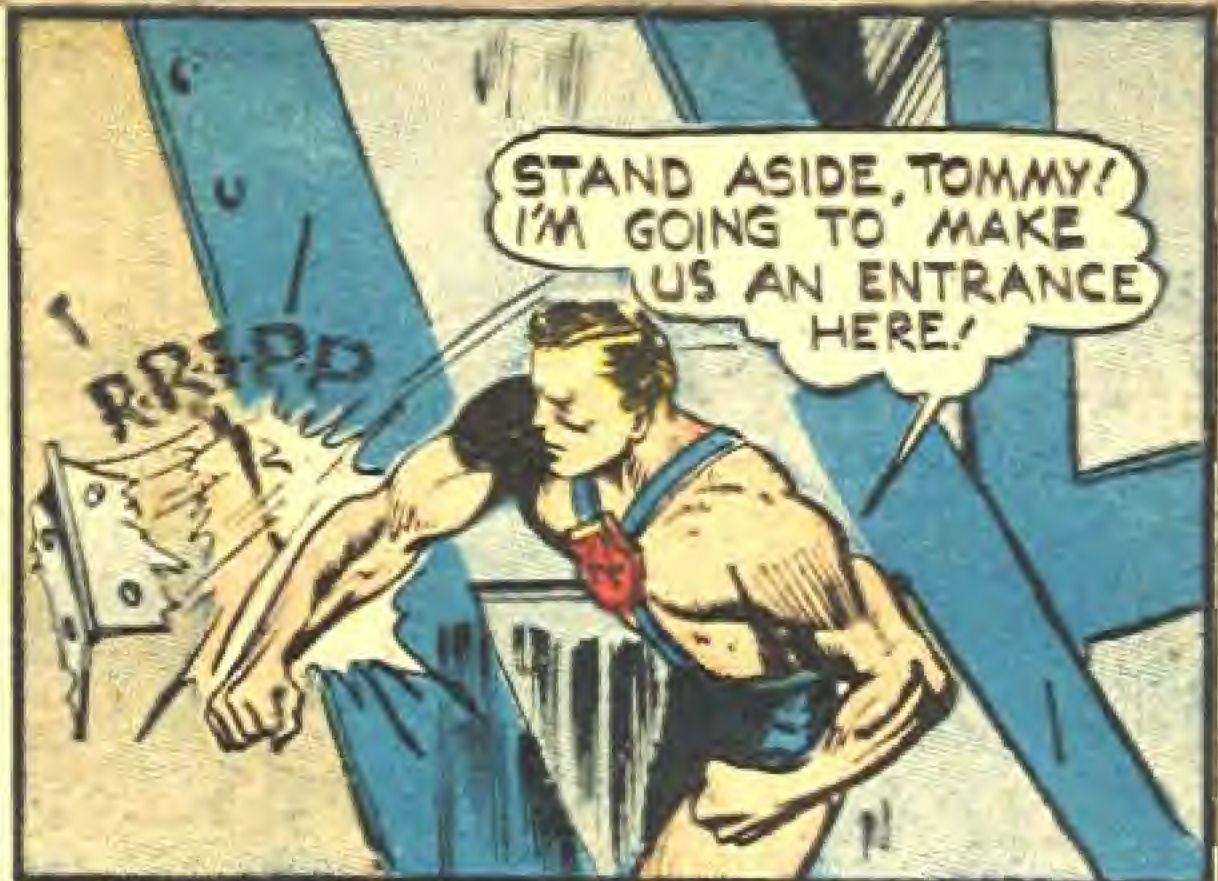


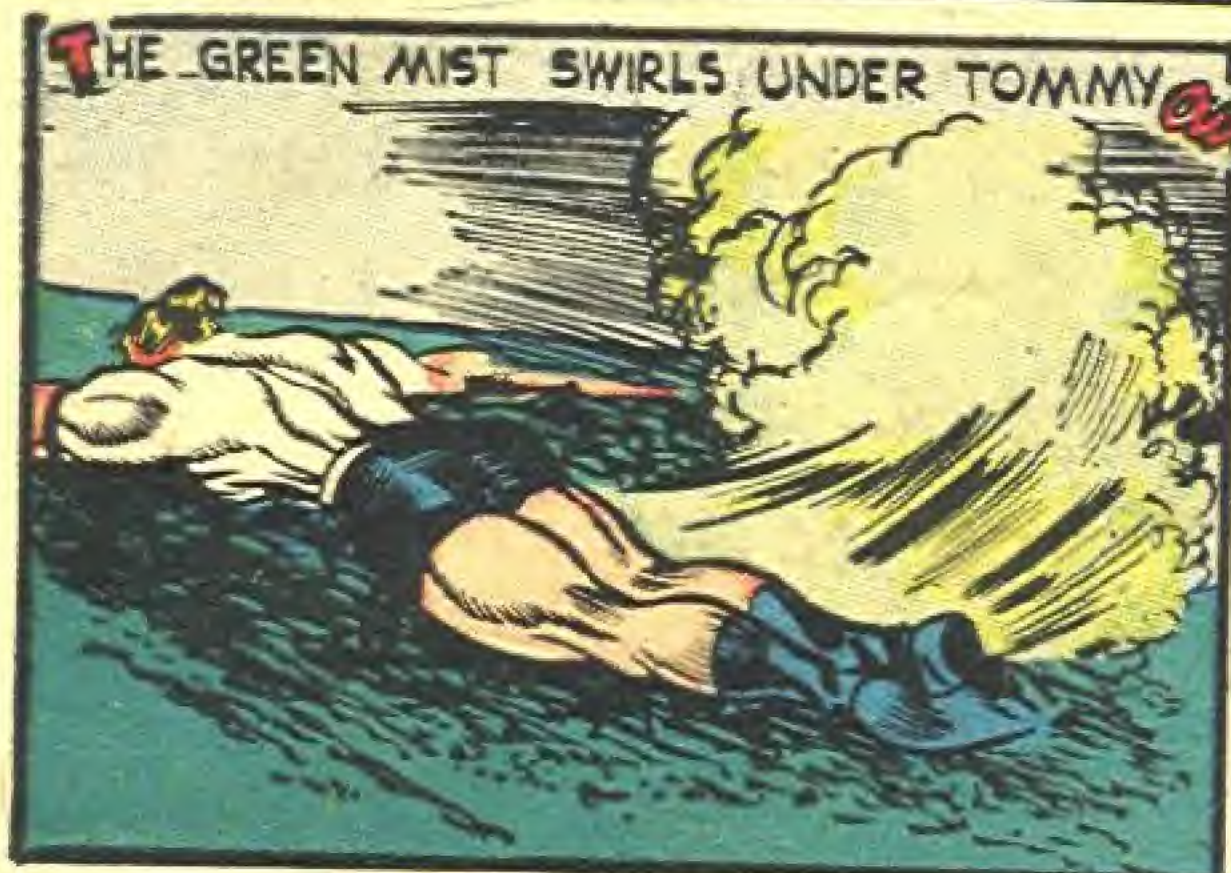


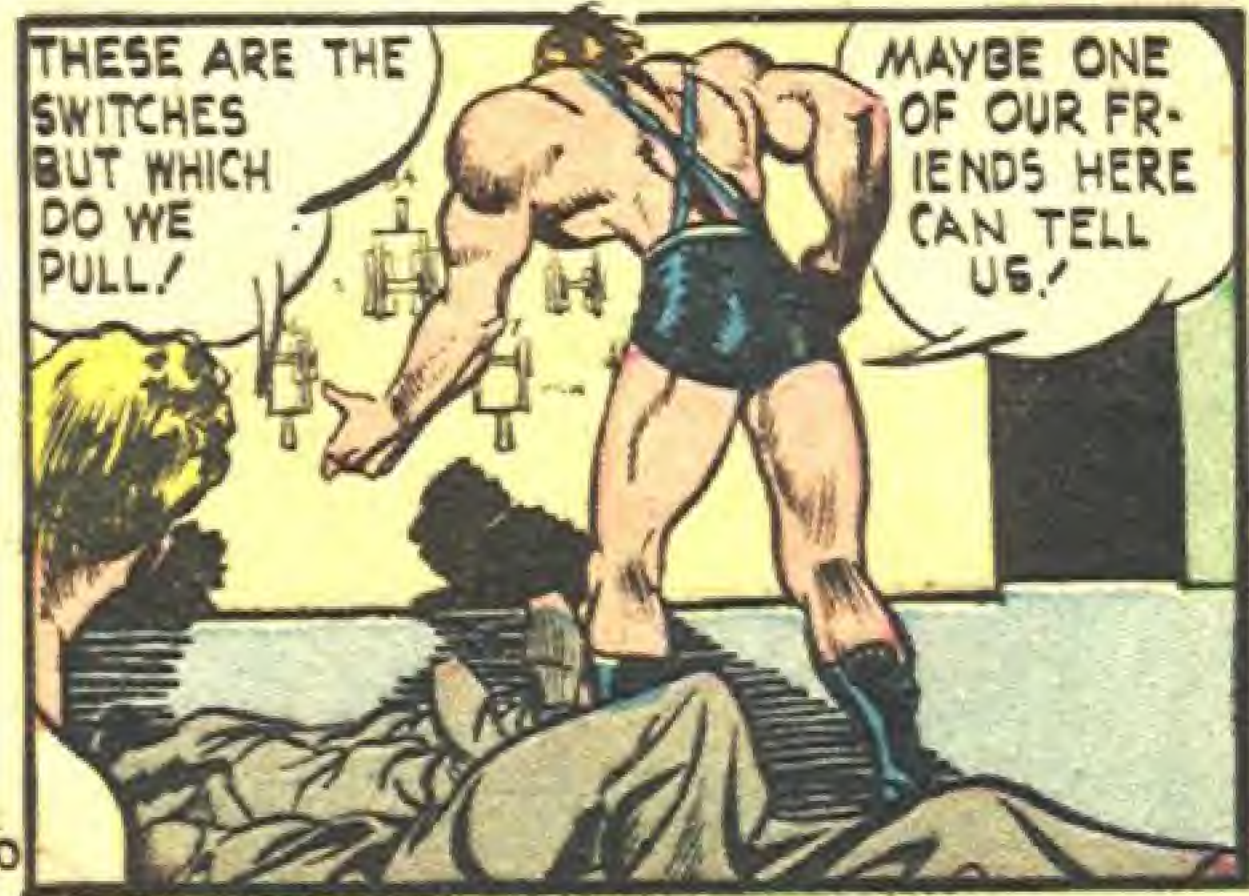
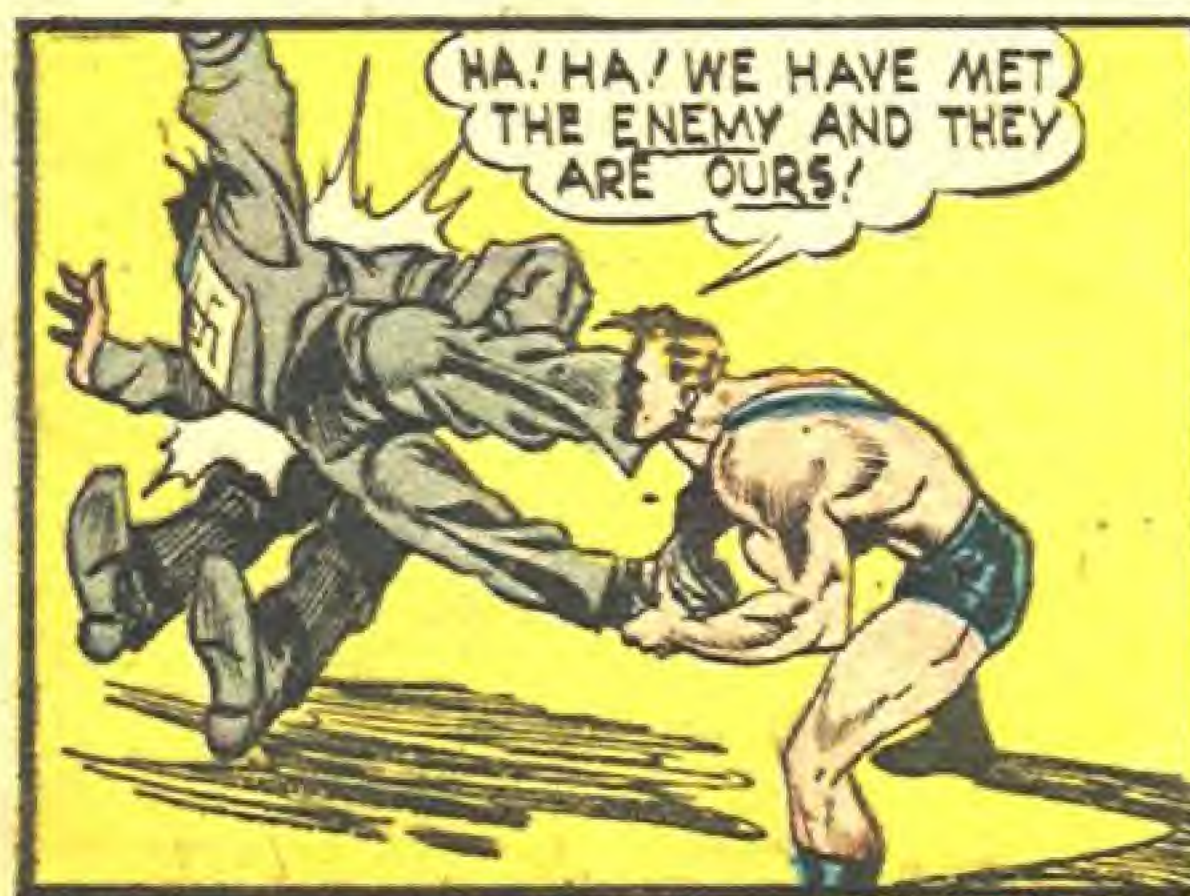


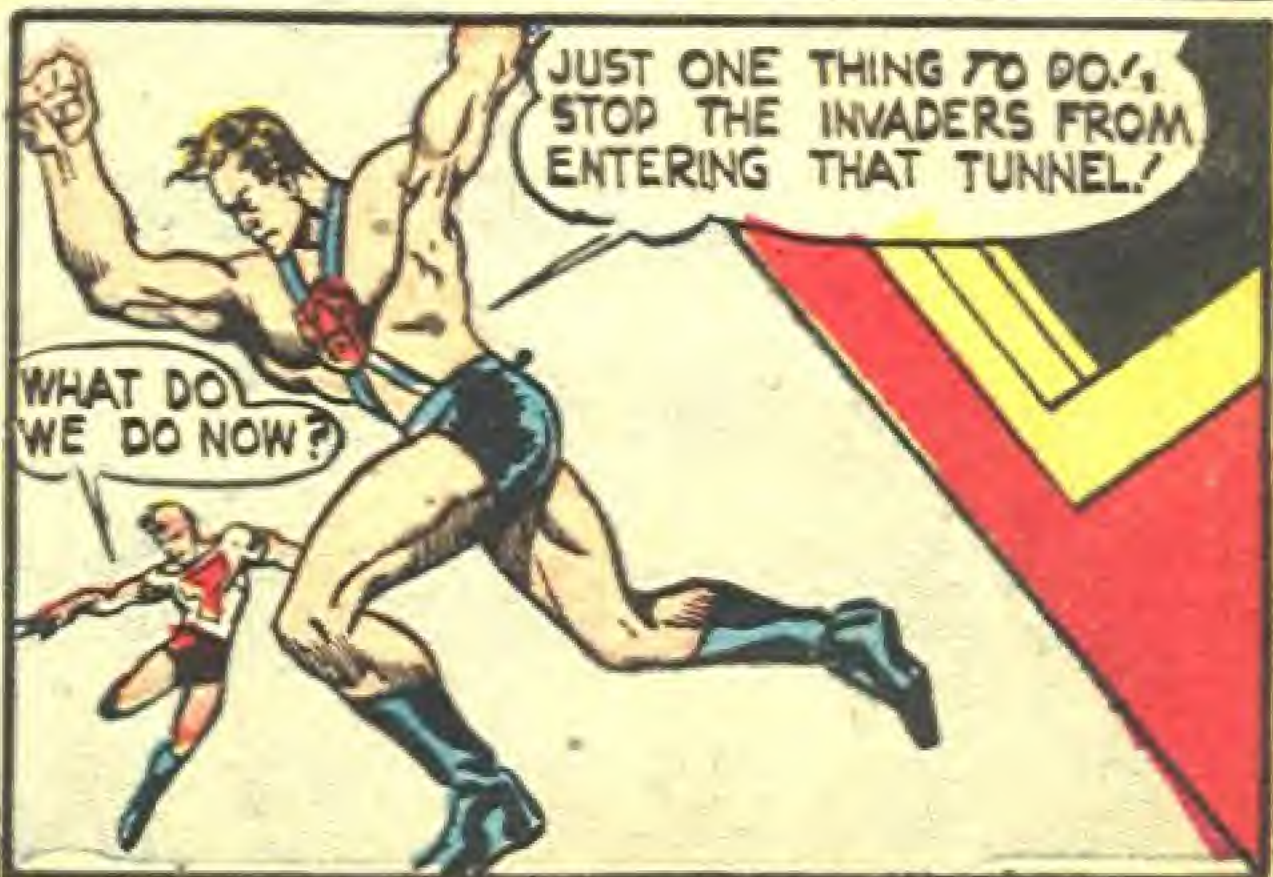
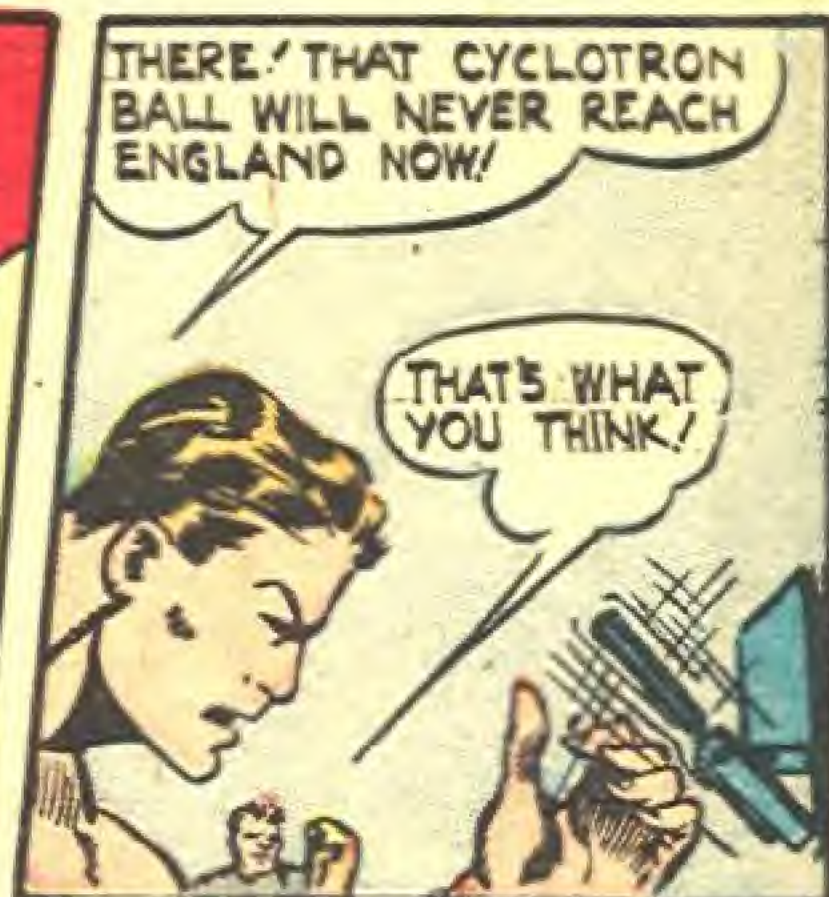












IN TWO MINUTES THE CYCLOTRON WILL BE HALF A MILE FROM THE OTHER END. WE'LL START BEFORE THE BALL COMPLETES THE TUNNEL!



ACHTUNG! TANK DIVISIONS... START THROUGH THE TUNNEL!



THERE THEY GO!



INTO THE TUNNEL, TOMMY... FOLLOW ME!!



OKAY BY ME!

YOU GET THE SECOND TANK. USE ITS CANNON TO HOLD OFF THE OTHERS. I HAVE AN IDEA FOR THE LEAD TANK!

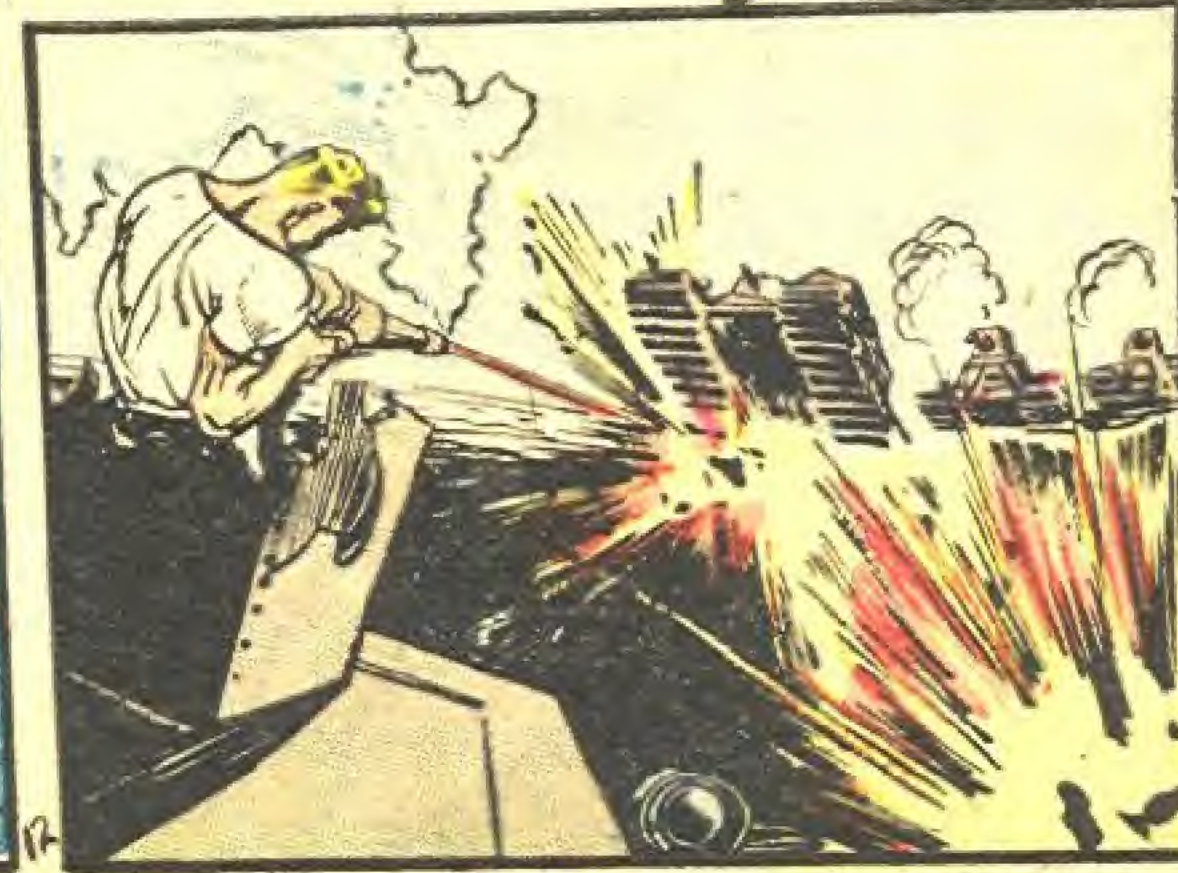
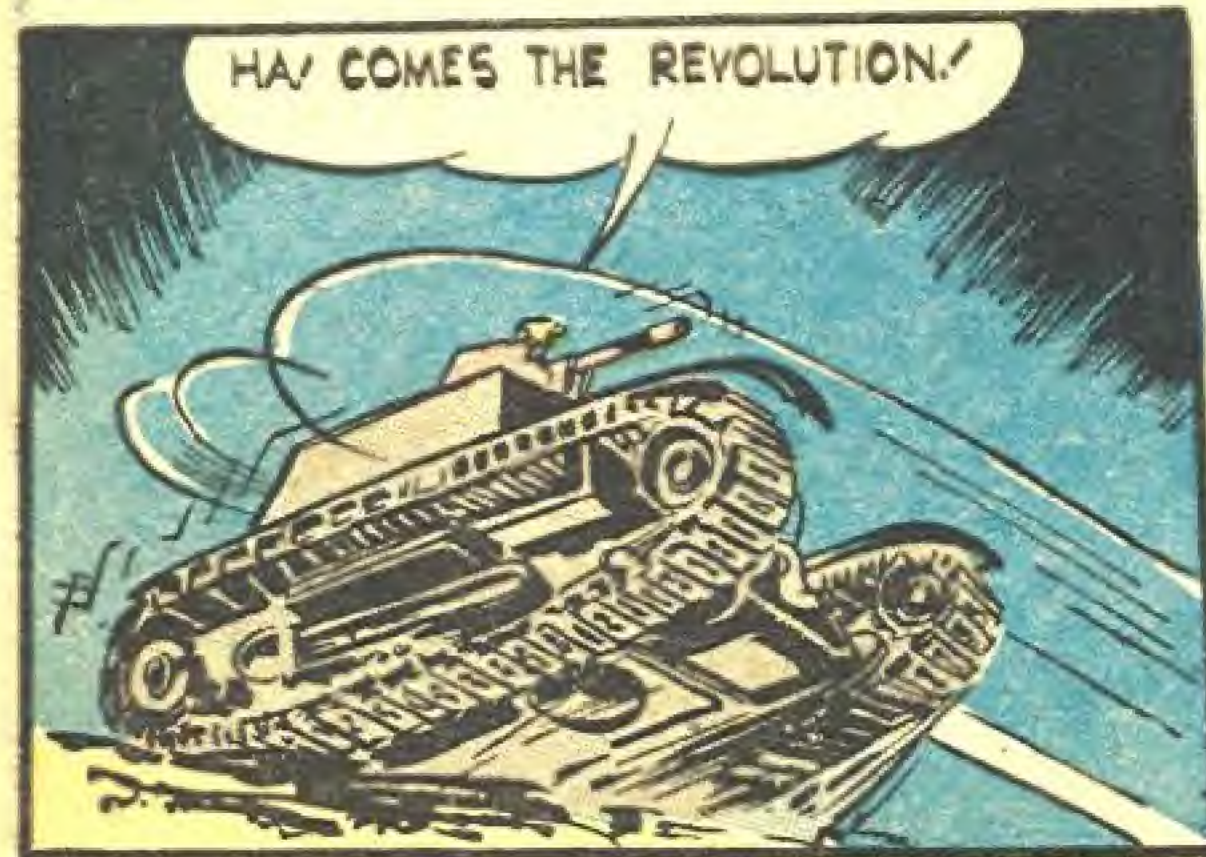
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO KNOCK ON DOORS!

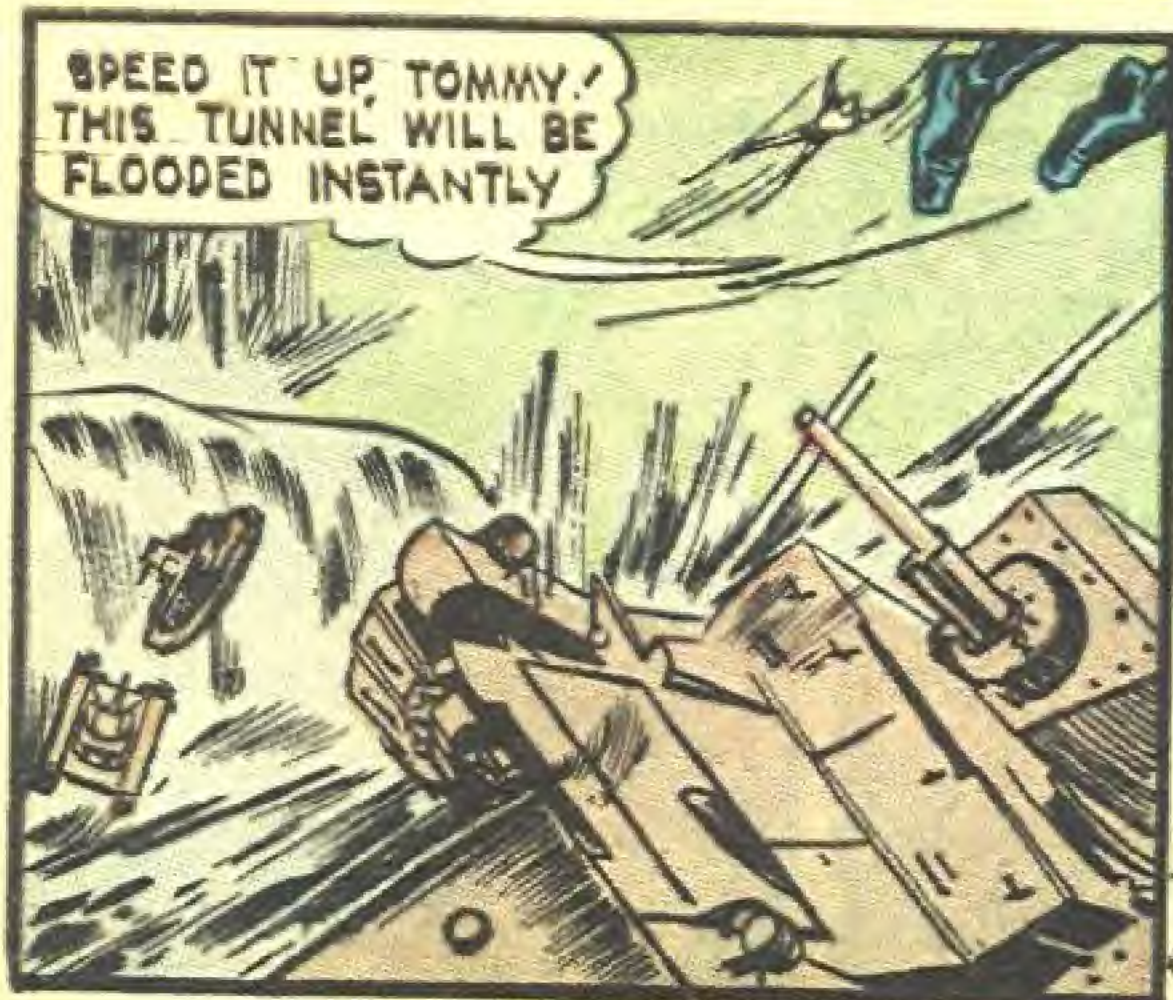
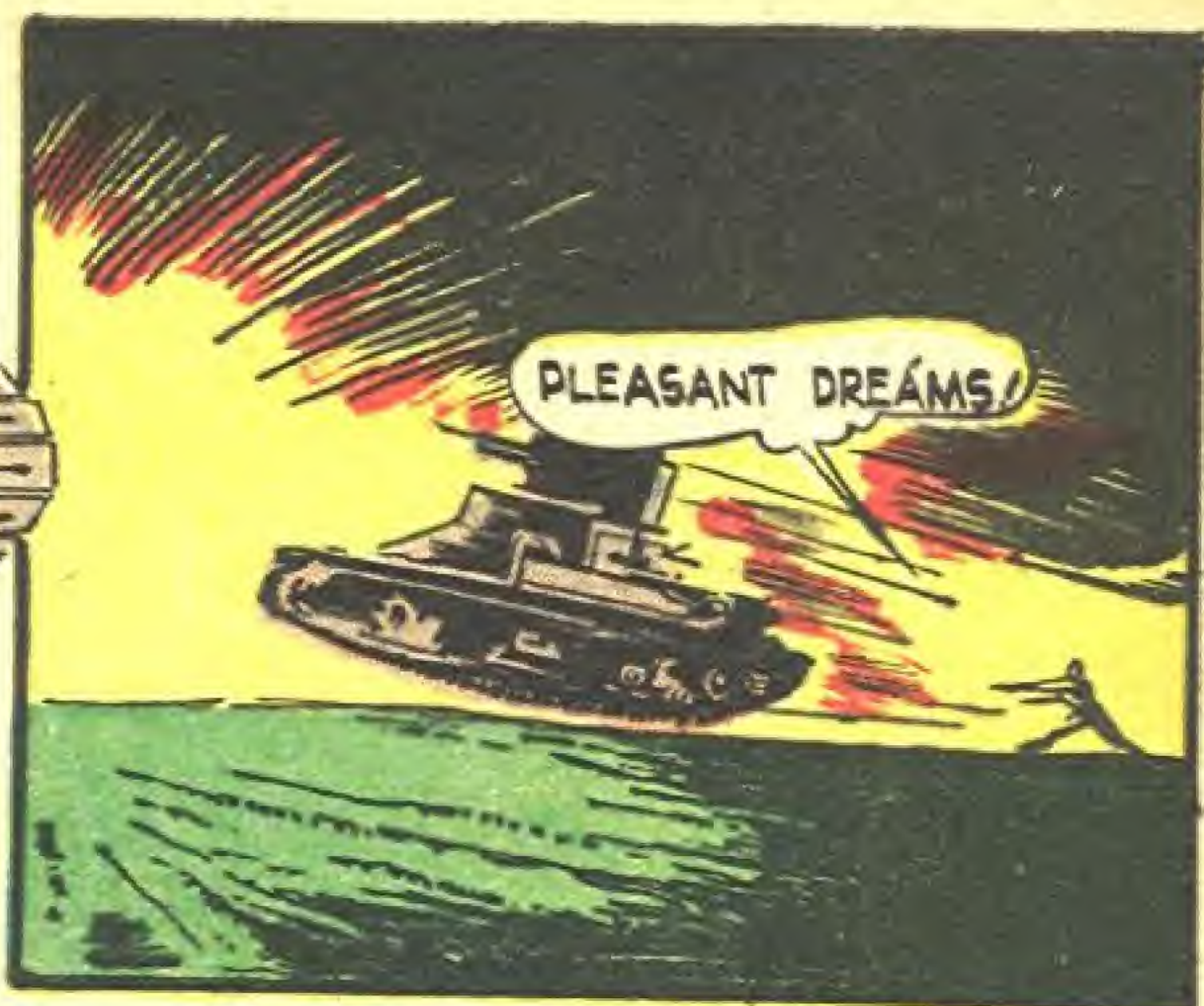


I'M TAKING OVER FROM HERE RATZIS!



HAY COMES THE REVOLUTION!







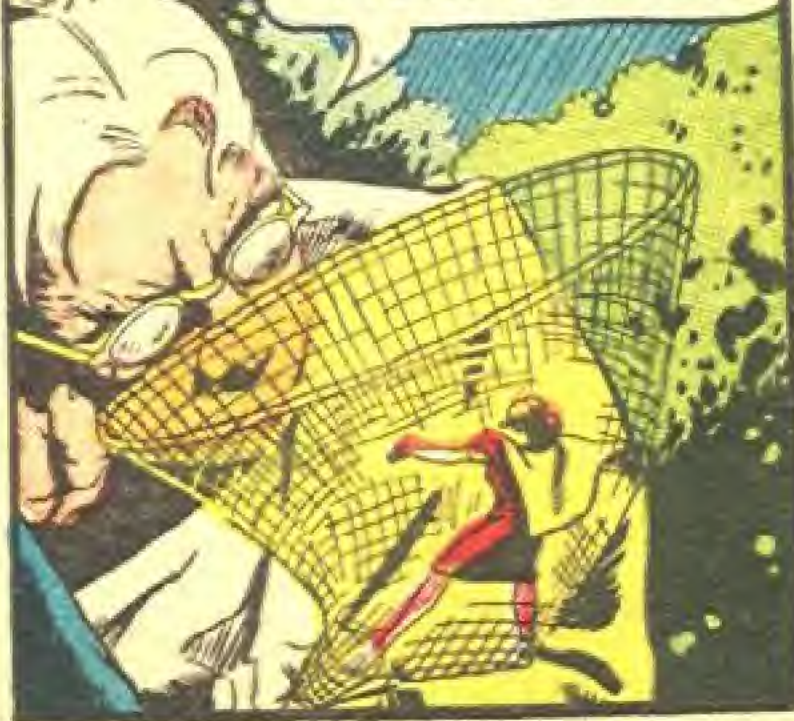
DR. SCOWL STALKS ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD, BUTTERFLY NET IN HAND.

I SAW HER COME OVER HERE. AH! THERE SHE IS.

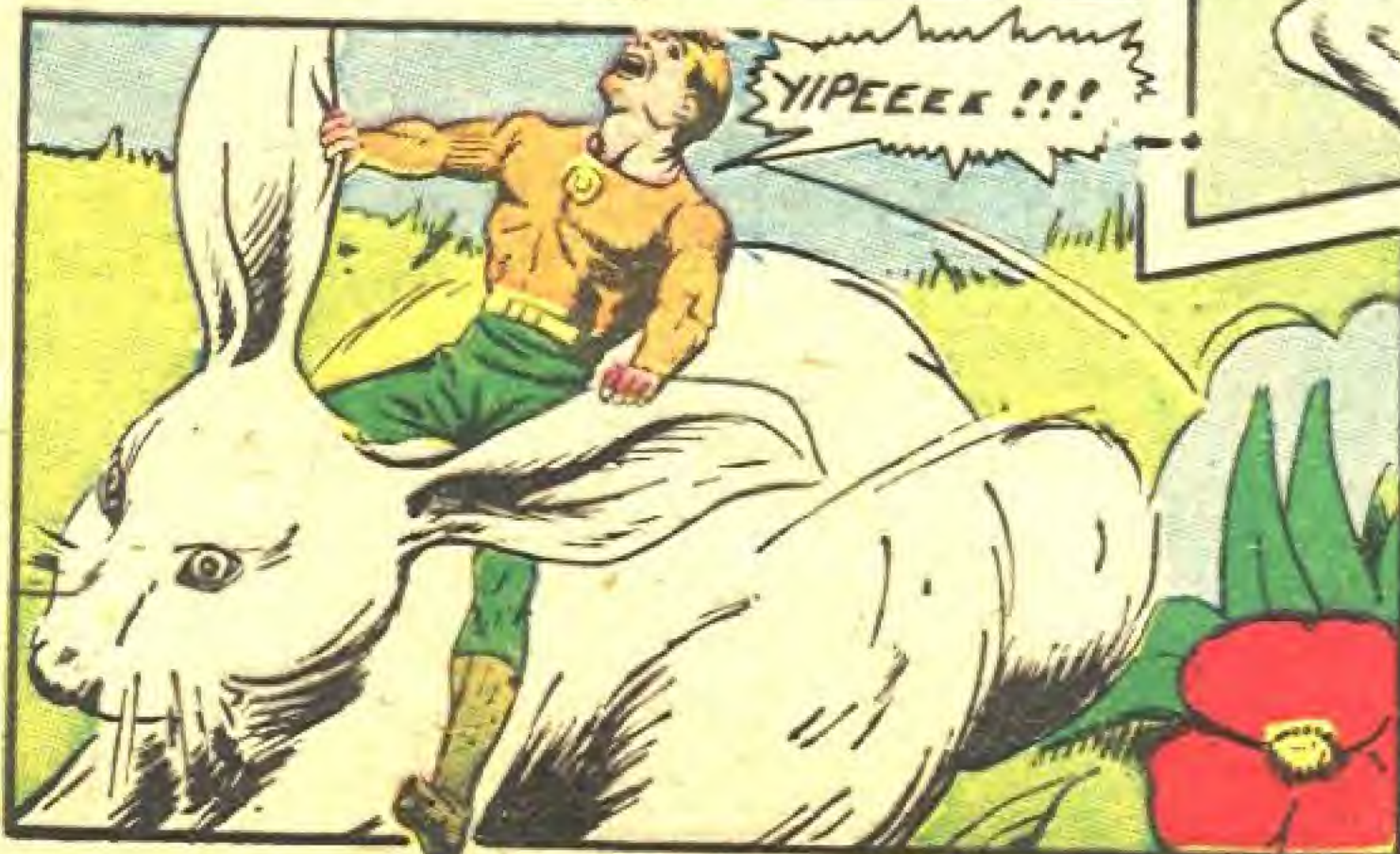
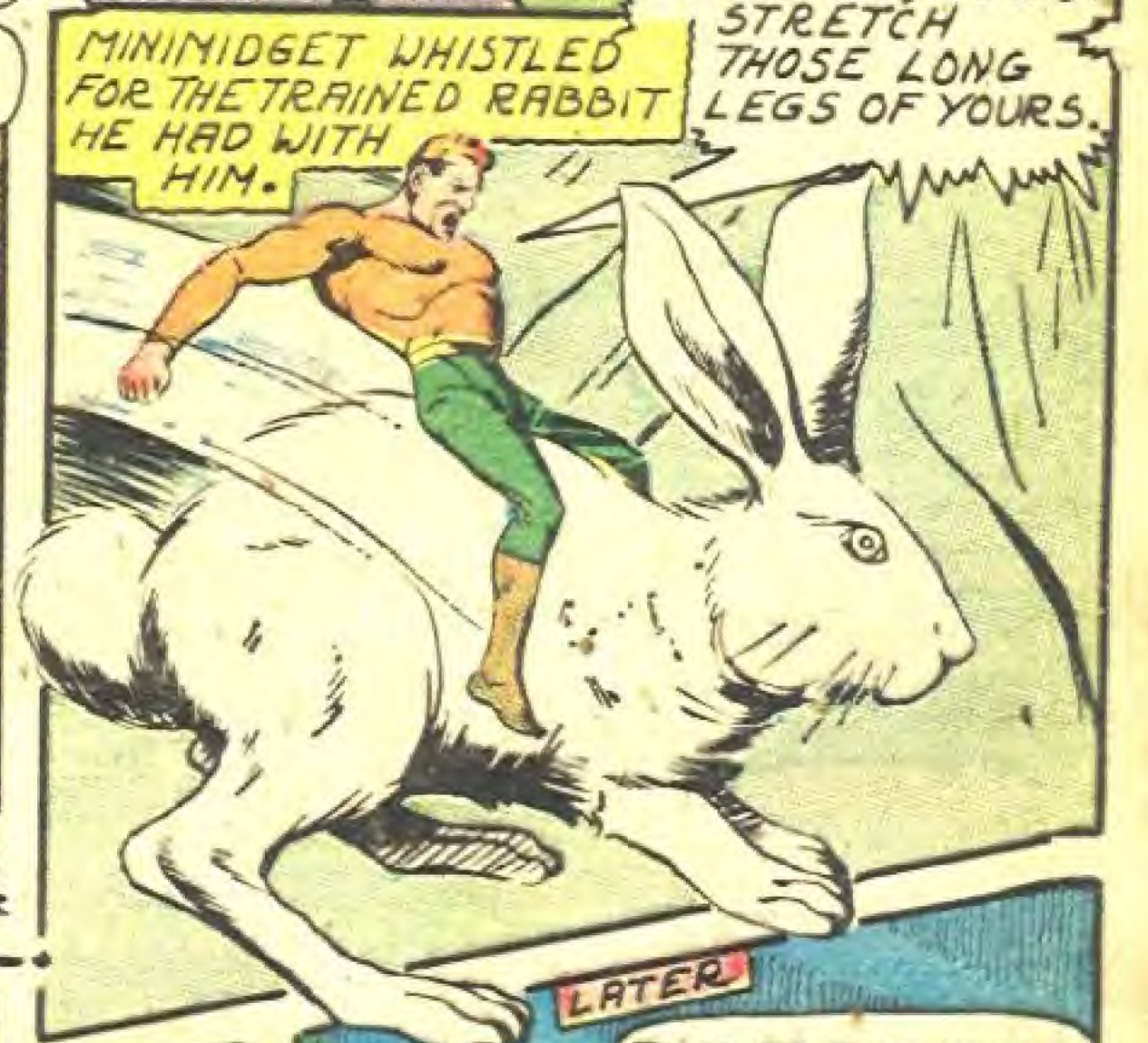
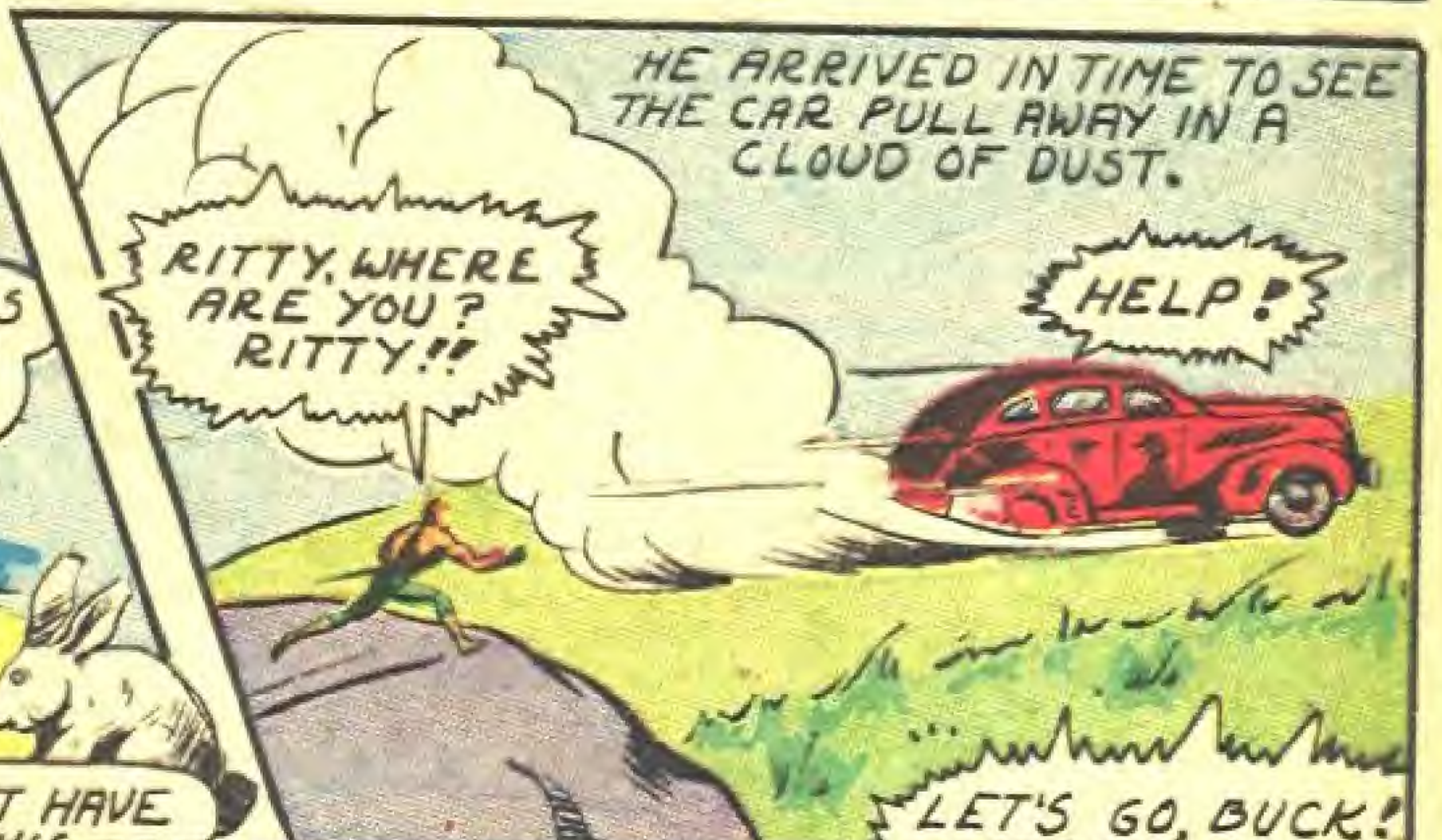
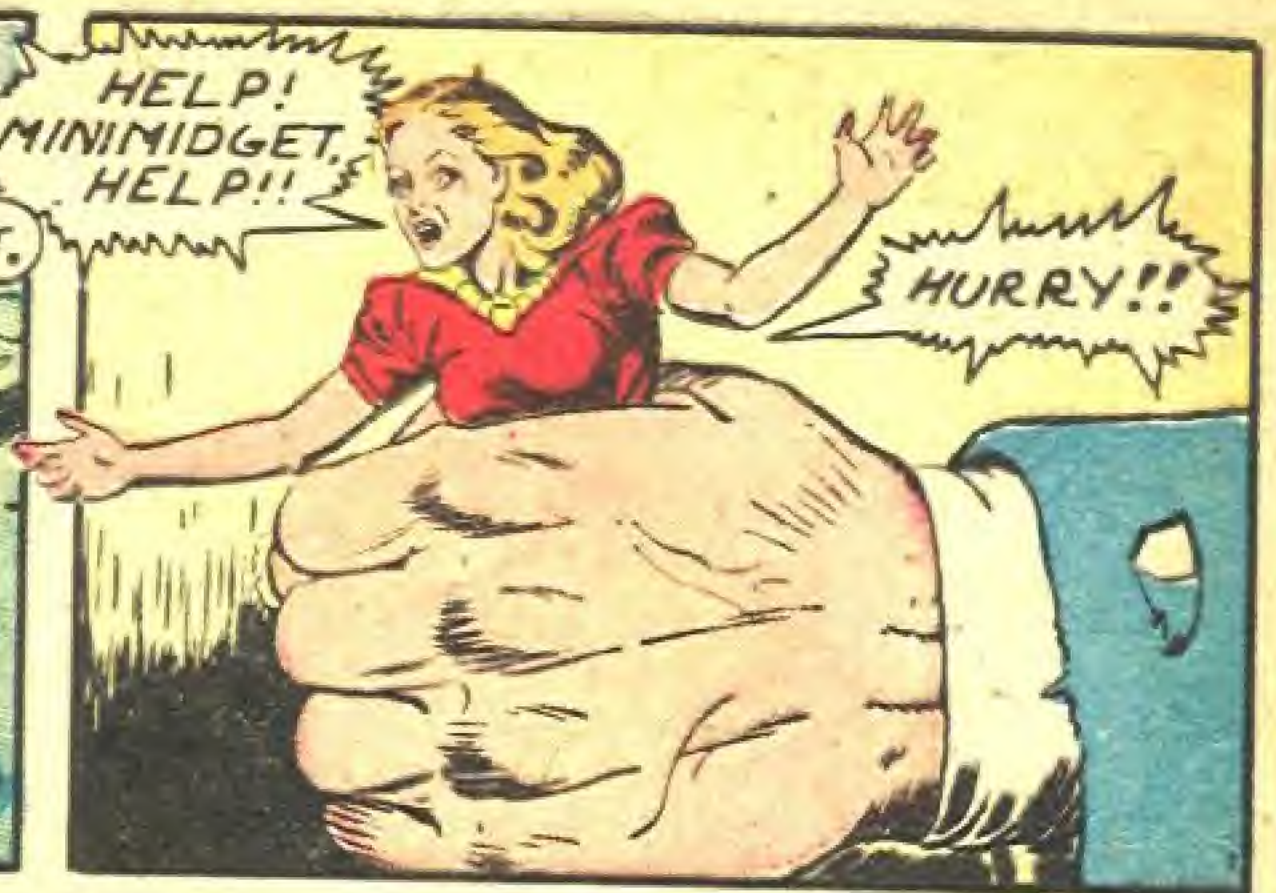


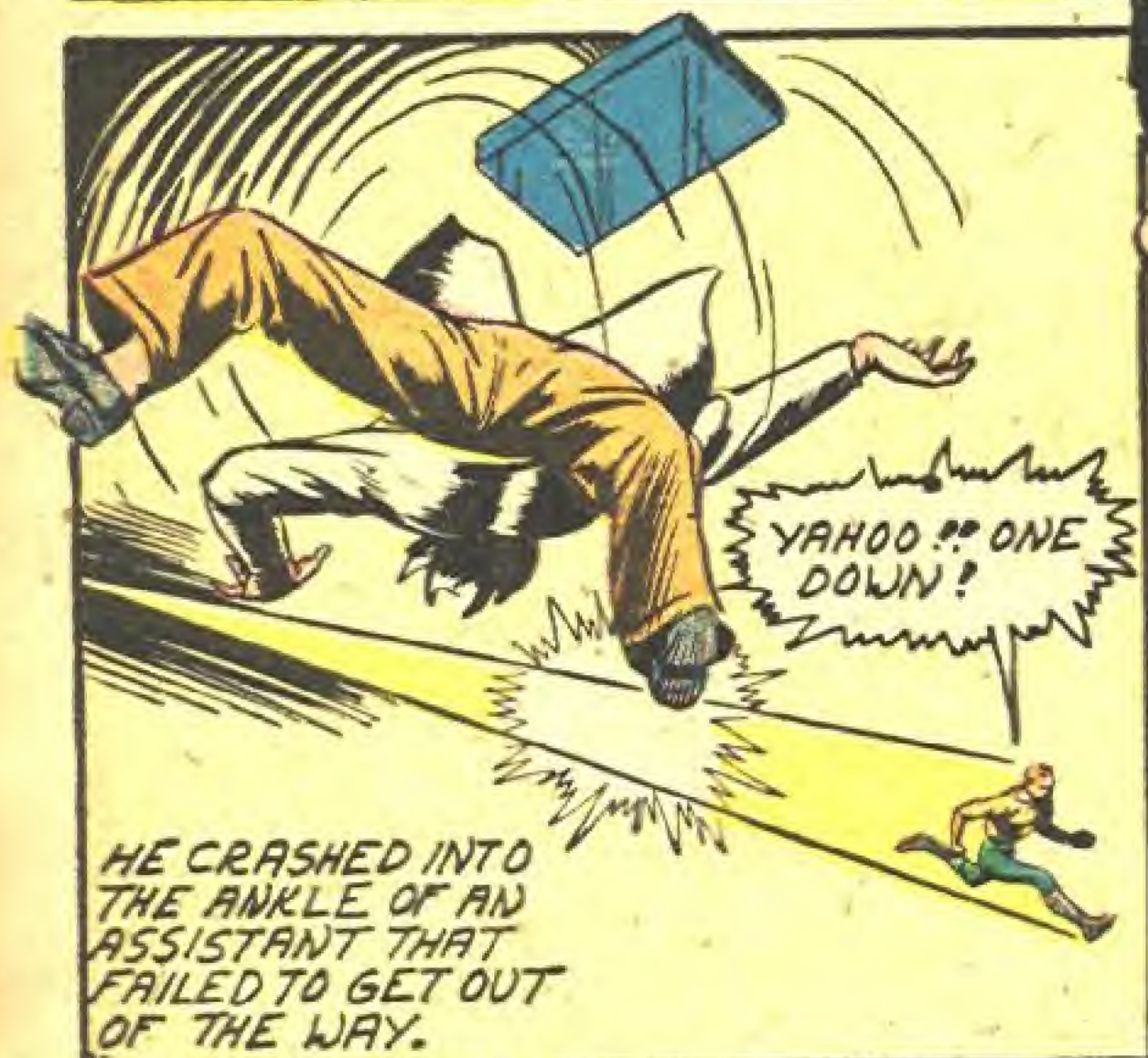
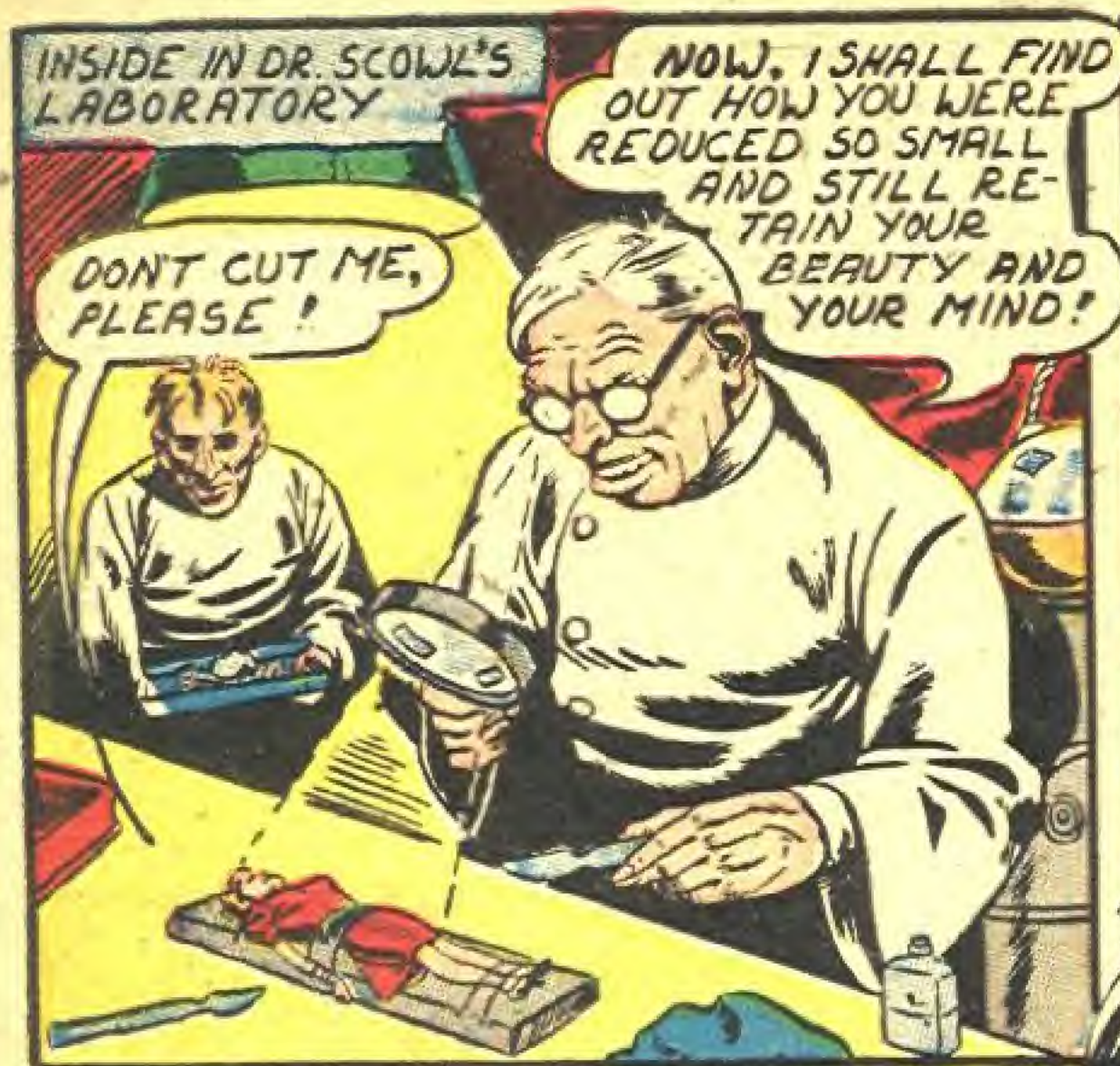
HE SWUNG THE NET.

HAH! MY BEAUTY! I HAVE YOU. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THE BUTTERFLY I WAS AFTER MUCH BETTER!!



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY, SUPER-MIDGETS, ARE ONLY 8 IN. TALL. BECAUSE OF THEIR SIZE THEY RUN INTO ALL KINDS OF STRANGE ADVENTURES. THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH DR. SCOWL IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST. READ ON.



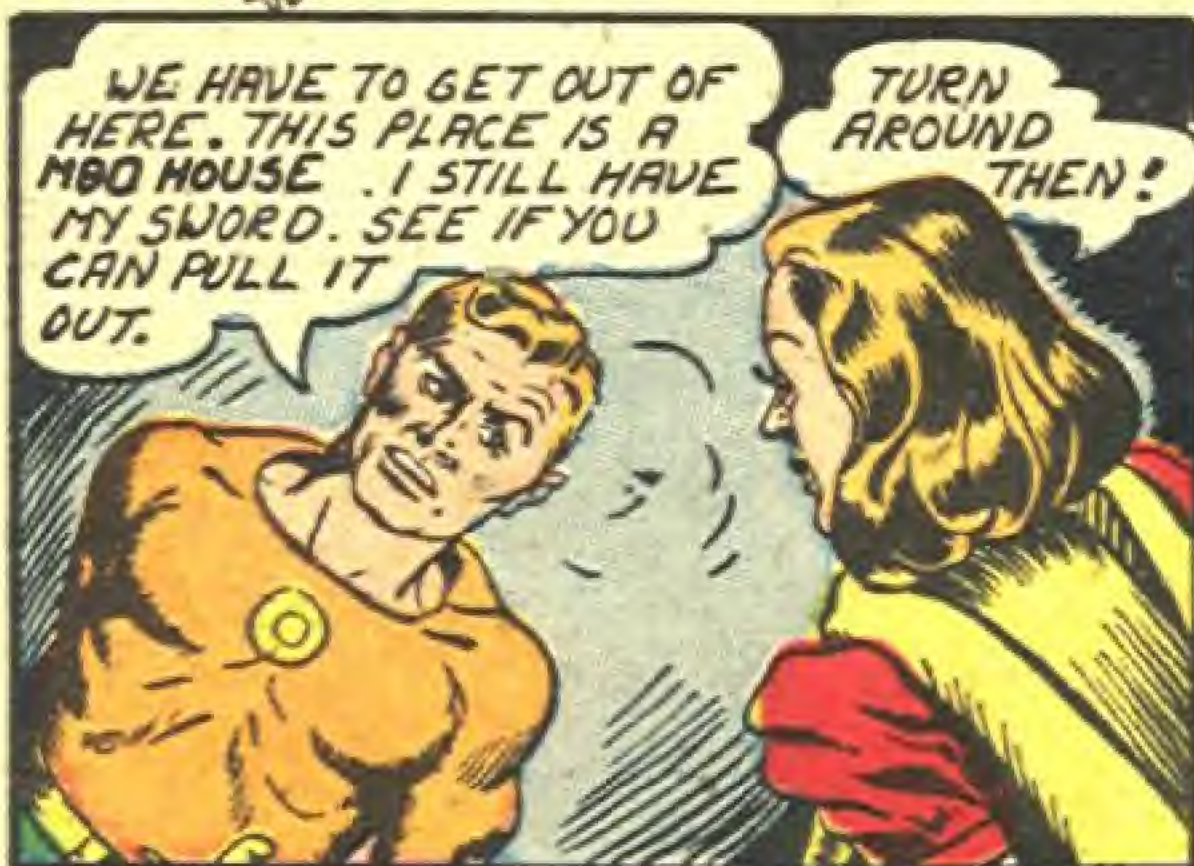




WHERE AM I? WHAT
HAPPENED?
OOOHH! MY HEAD!
MY HANDS ARE
TIED.

OH, YEAH!

YOU WERE KNOCKED
OUT? REMEMBER?
DR. SCOWL'S
ASSISTANT
HIT YOU FROM
BEHIND.



WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF
HERE. THIS PLACE IS A
MOO HOUSE. I STILL HAVE
MY SWORD. SEE IF YOU
CAN PULL IT
OUT.

TURN
AROUND
THEN!



RITTY PULLED OUT
THE SWORD AND HELD
IT SO HE COULD CUT
HIS BONDS OFF.

HOLD IT SO IT
CAN'T MOVE!
THAT'S IT!

DON'T CUT
YOUR HANDS!



SOON THEY BOTH
WERE FREE.

HURRY
SOMEBODY
IS COMING!



THEY'RE GONE!!
LOOK FOR THEM!
I'LL SKIN YOU
ALIVE IF YOU
DON'T FIND THEM!

THEY'RE SO
SMALL. NO
CAN SEE
THEM!

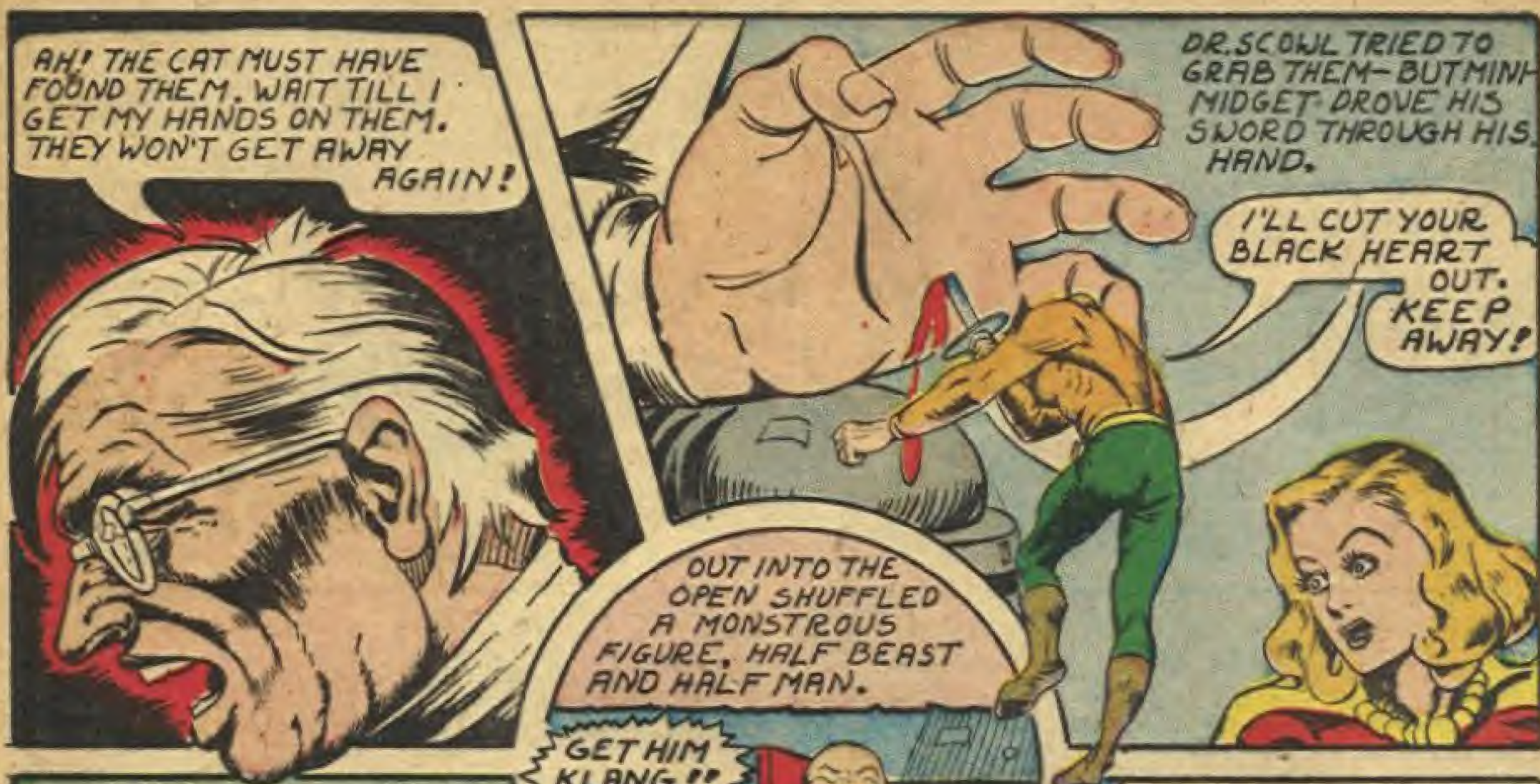


WHEN THEY GET
ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE ROOM WE'LL
SNEAK OUT THE
DOOR.



BUT THEN THE
HOUSE CAT SAW
THEM. BACK RAISED
IT STOOD SNARLING.

SCRAM CAT.
YOU'LL GIVE
US AWAY!



AH! THE CAT MUST HAVE FOUND THEM. WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THEM. THEY WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

DR. SCOWL TRIED TO GRAB THEM—BUT MINN MIDGET DROVE HIS SWORD THROUGH HIS HAND.

I'LL CUT YOUR BLACK HEART OUT. KEEP AWAY!

OUT INTO THE OPEN SHUFFLED A MONSTROUS FIGURE, HALF BEAST AND HALF MAN.

GET HIM KLANG!! KILL! KILL!!

LET'S GO RITTY! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT CREATURE!



DR. SCOWL RAN OVER TO A DOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

YOU LITTLE DEVIL! I'LL FIX YOU. GET HIM KLANG!! THEY CAN'T HIDE. KLANG CAN SMELL WHERE THEY ARE!



KLANG DROVE FOR THEM—THEY LEAPED TO ONE SIDE AND KLANG CRASHED INTO A PILE OF LABORATORY EQUIPMENT.

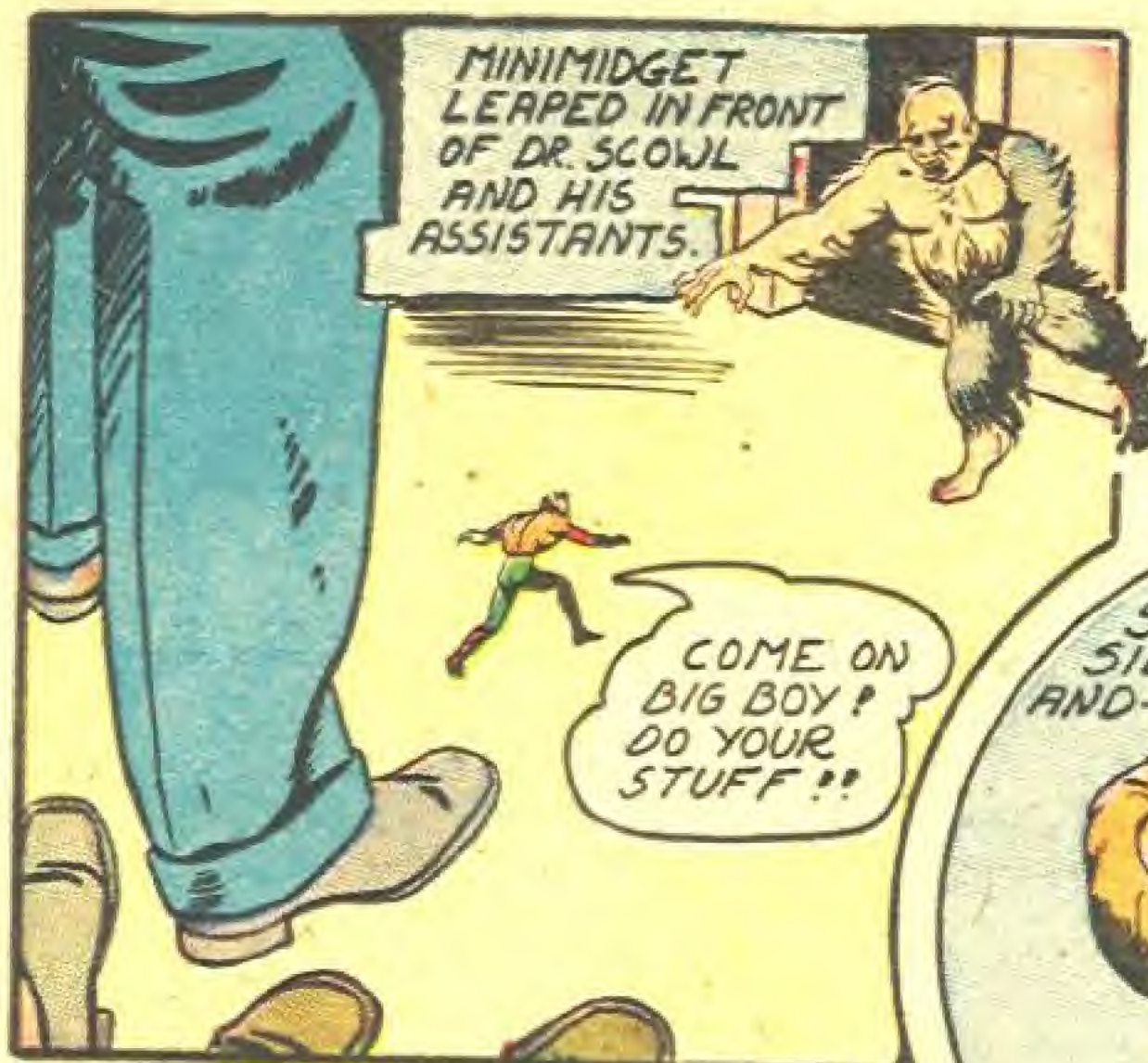
WE CAN'T HIDE! HE CAN SMELL US. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

UGH!



HE'S AFTER ME. YOU RUN OVER BY THE WALL AND WAIT FOR ME. I'M GOING TO ELIMINATE THE DOCTOR AND HIS ASSISTANTS!

BE CAREFUL.



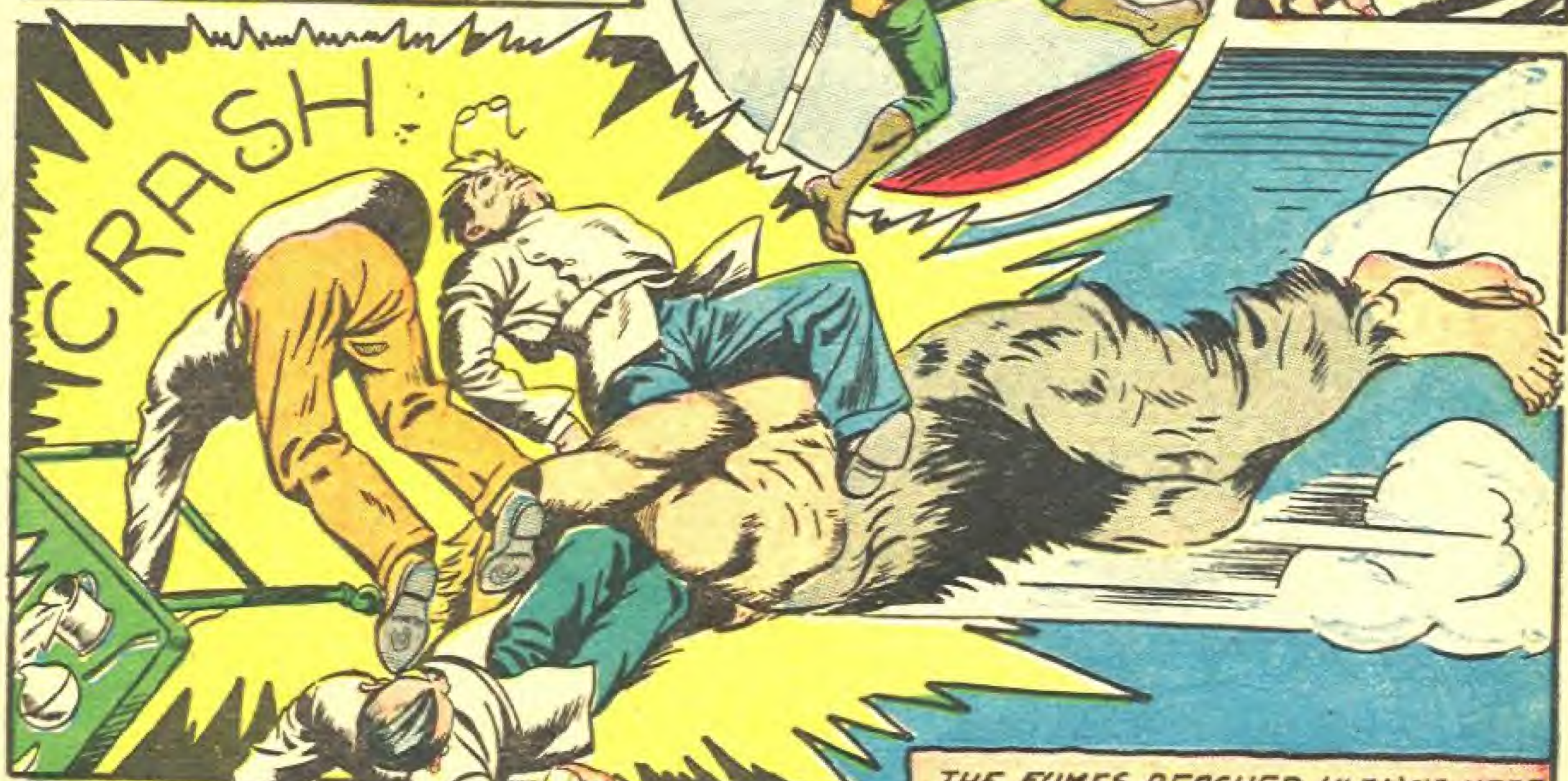
MINIMIDGET
LEAPED IN FRONT
OF DR. SCOWL
AND HIS
ASSISTANTS.

COME ON
BIG BOY!
DO YOUR
STUFF!!

TERROR FROZE THE DOCTOR AND HIS
ASSISTANTS TO THE SPOT WHEN THEY
REALIZED WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.
--KLANG LEAPED--



MINIMIDGET
SPRANG TO ONE
SIDE--
AND--

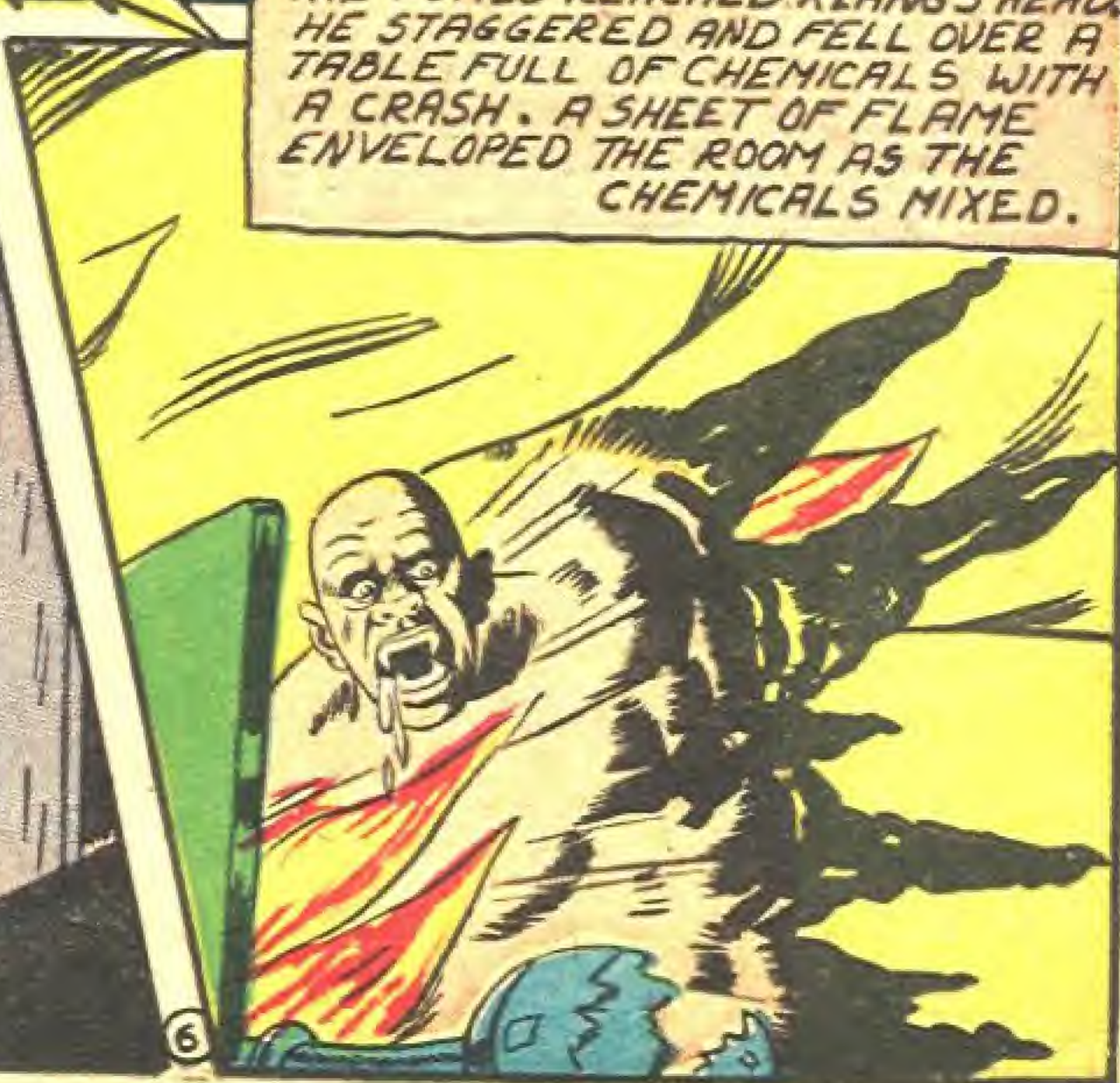


THE FUMES REACHED KLANG'S HEAD.
HE STAGGERED AND FELL OVER A
TABLE FULL OF CHEMICALS WITH
A CRASH. A SHEET OF FLAME
ENVELOPED THE ROOM AS THE
CHEMICALS MIXED.



THEN-GRABBING
A VIAL OF CHLORO-
FORM OFF A
TABLE HE RAN
TO THE DOORWAY
WITH RITTY. AS
KLANG REGAINED
HIS FEET HE
HURLED THE
CHLOROFORM
AT HIM.

I HOPE THIS
WORKS?



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY STARTED TO RUN FROM THE FLAMES WHEN THEY HEARD A CRY FOR HELP.

SOMEBODY IS IN THERE. THAT'S WHERE THAT CRY CAME FROM.

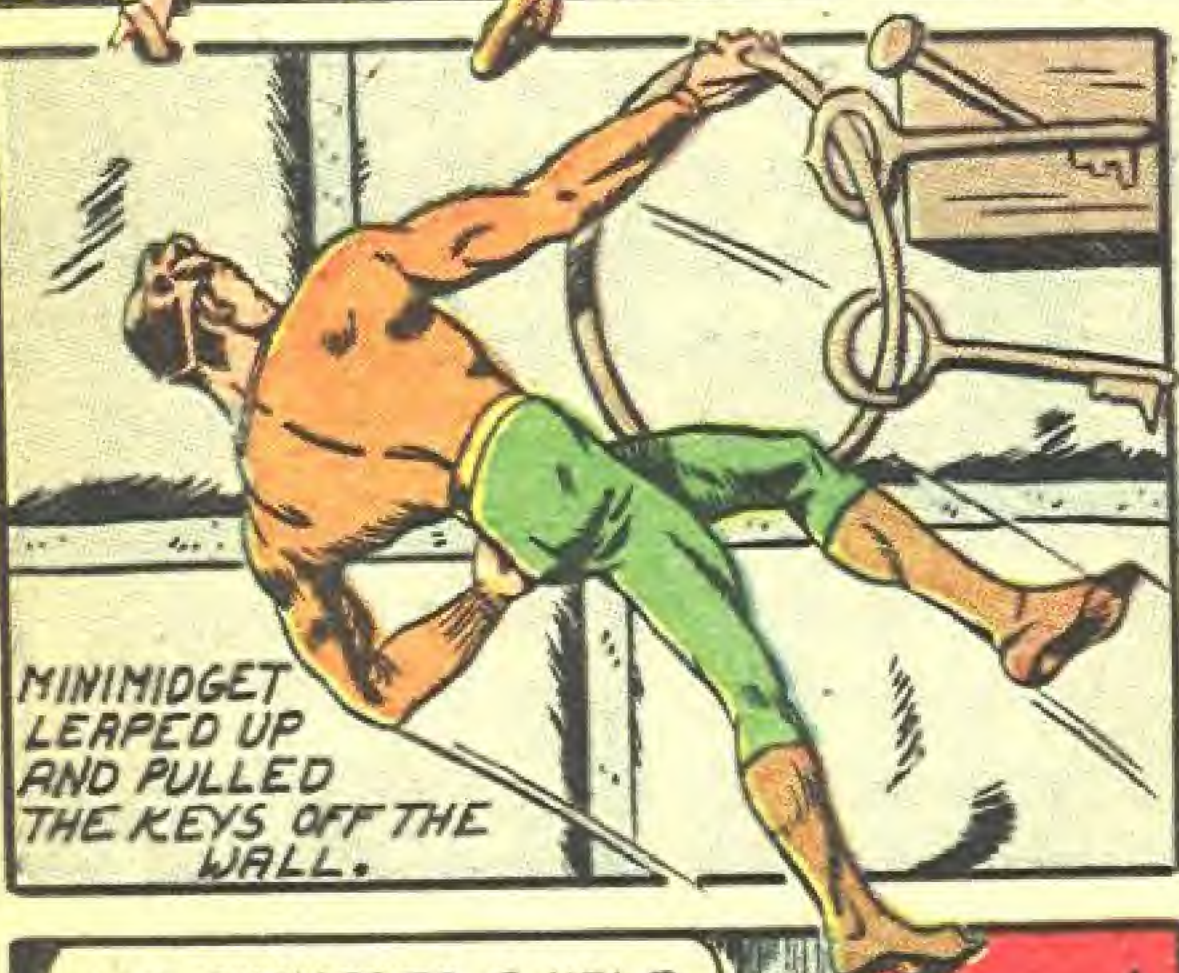
THEY MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

A SURPRISING SIGHT MET THEIR EYES—TWO GIRLS AND A MAN WERE CHAINED TO THE STONE WALL.

FREE US, PLEASE!

THE KEYS ARE ON THE WALL.

HURRY!



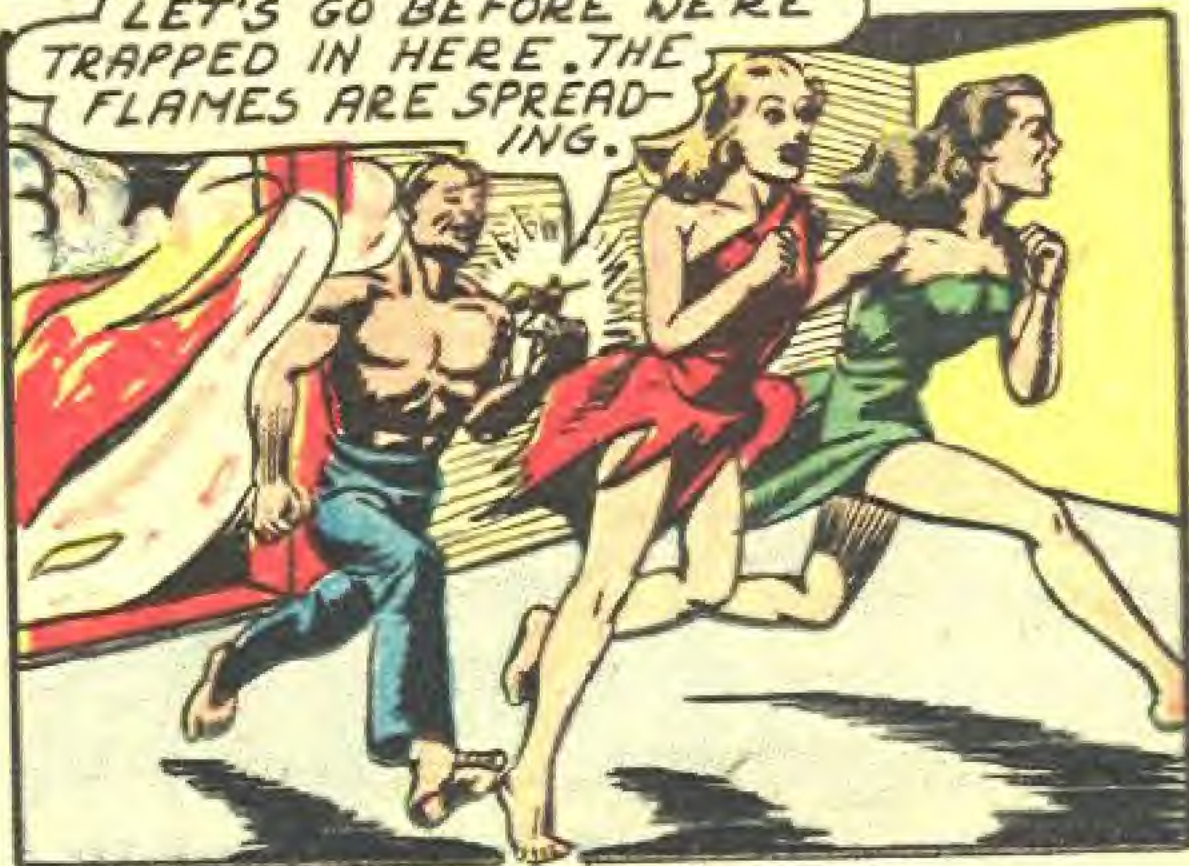
MINIMIDGET LEAPED UP AND PULLED THE KEYS OFF THE WALL.

HE GAVE THE KEYS TO THE MAN WHO SOON FREED HIMSELF AND THE GIRLS.

WHY WERE YOU CHAINED UP IN HERE?



LET'S GO BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE. THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING.



A SHARP WHISTLE BROUGHT BUCKY ON THE JUMP.

HONE, BUCKY! LET'S GO!



ANOTHER MINIMIDGET ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

WE ANSWERED A HELP WANTED AD. DR. SCOWL DOPED US. WHEN WE CAME TO WE FOUND OURSELVES CHAINED UP. HE WAS GOING TO USE US IN HIS EXPERIMENTS.



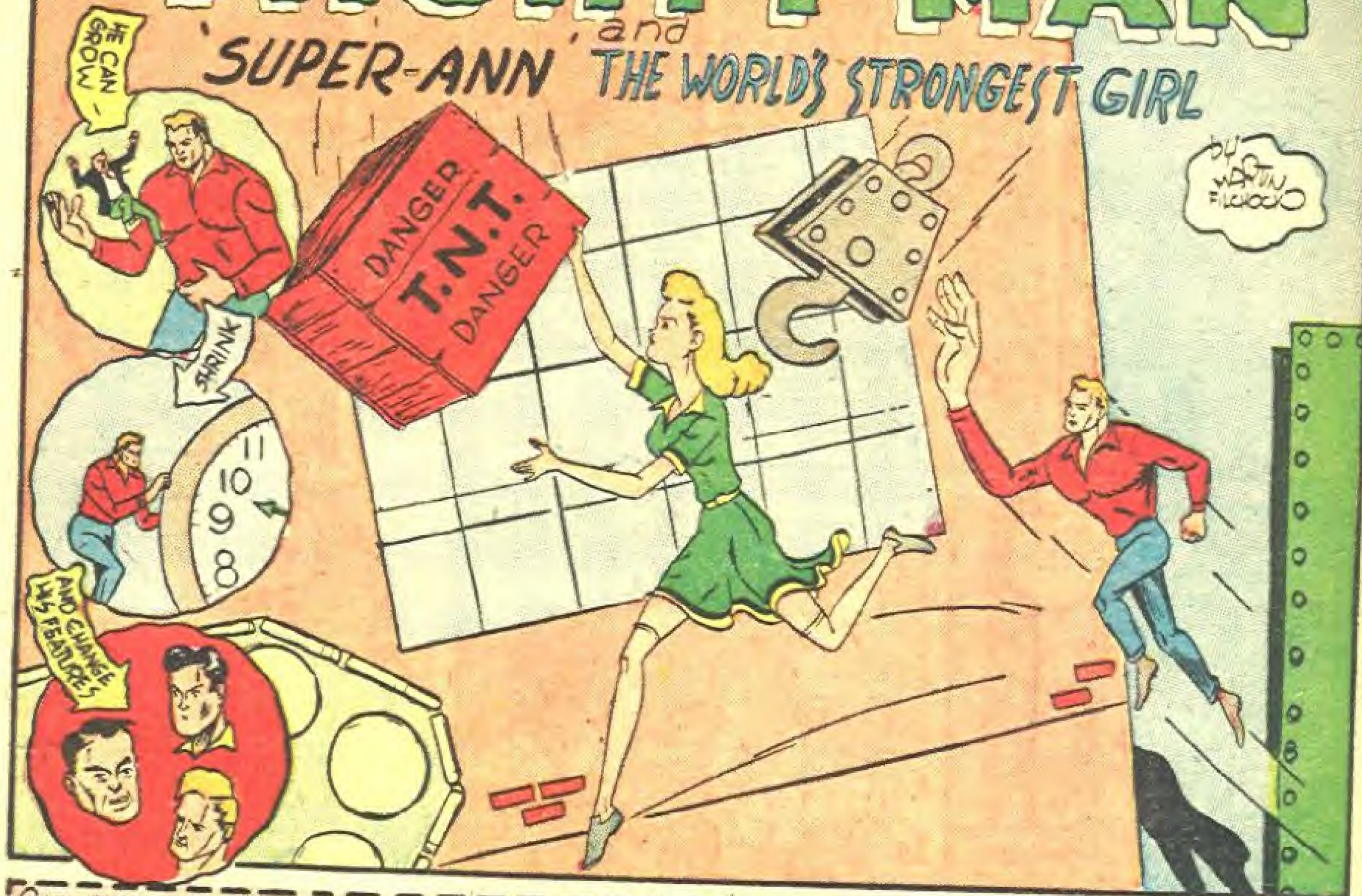
THAT'S THE END OF THAT HORROR HOUSE AND OF DR. SCOWL. IT WAS A CRUEL DEATH, EVEN FOR THEM.

THE

MIGHTY MAN

and
SUPER-ANN THE WORLD'S STRONGEST GIRL

by
WALT
FLEWELL



WITH FACTORIES WORKING OVERTIME TO SPEED UP NATIONAL DEFENSE - SEVERAL PLANTS HAVE EMPLOYED YOUNG GIRLS TO SELL SANDWICHES AND DRINKS TO WORKERS WHO ARE WORKING EXTRA TIME!



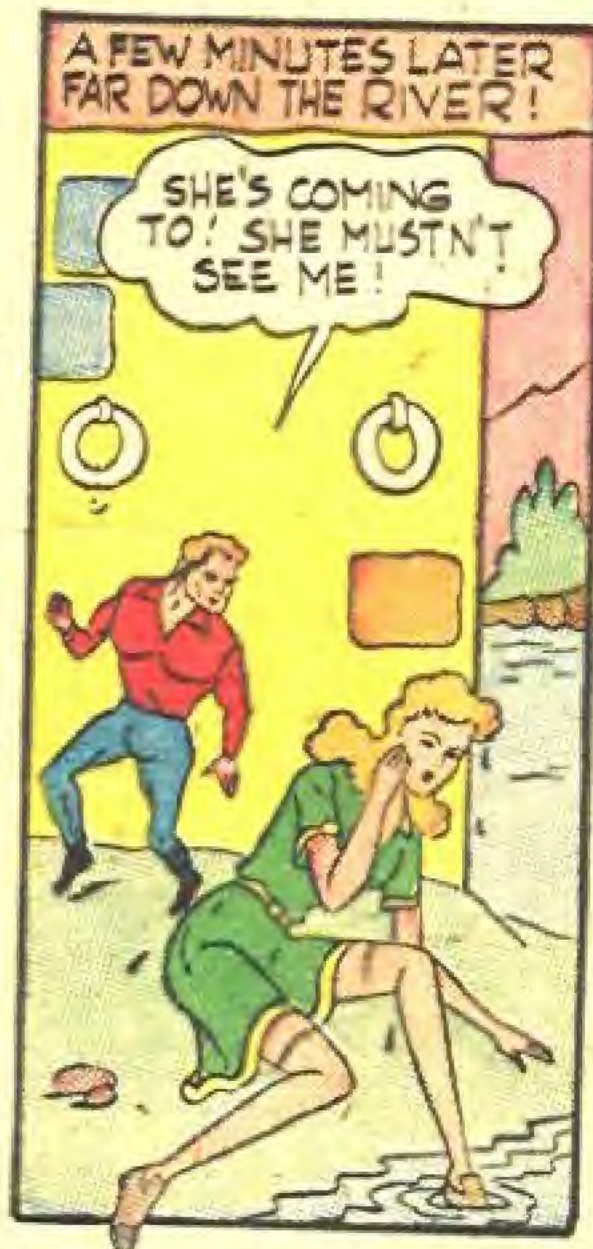




BUT BEFORE THE GIRL CAN SINK TO THE BOTTOM A SWIFT MOVING MITE OF A MAN APPEARS!



IT WAS THE MIGHTY MAN THE GIRL'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

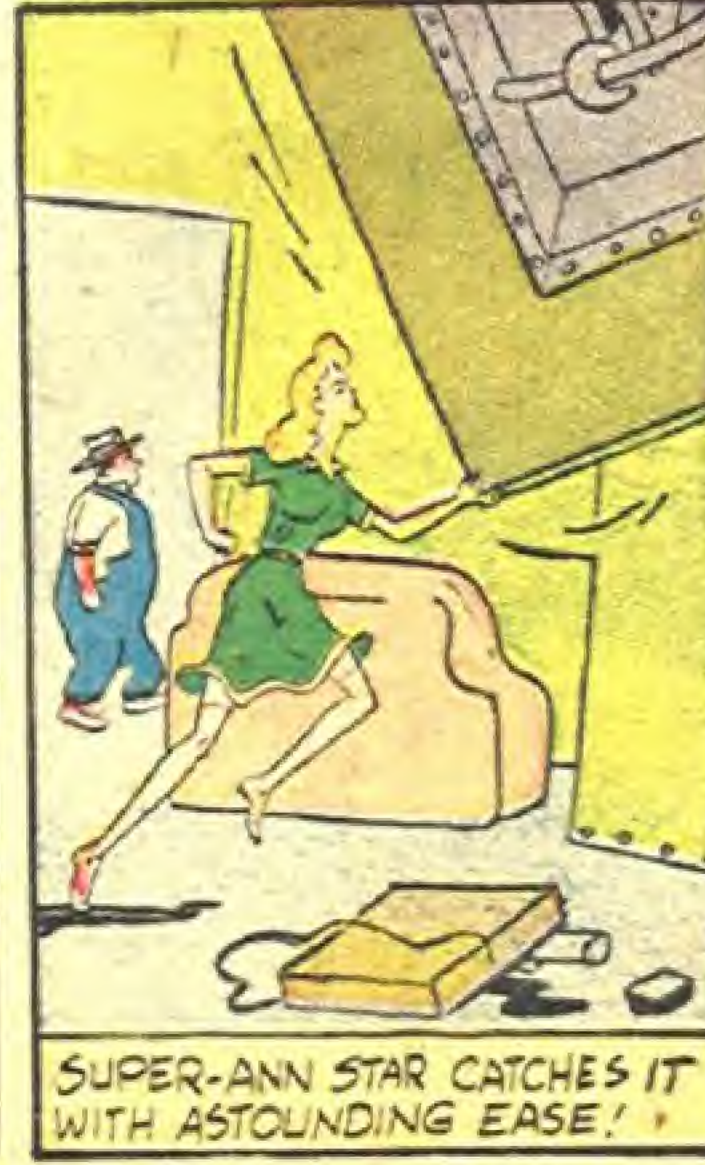


MEANWHILE A LARGE CAT-FISH SPIES THE MIGHTY MAN - IT DARTS FOR THIS TEMPTING MORSEL!



BUT IT SOON CHANGES ITS MIND WHEN THE ALERT MIGHTY MAN PUTS HIS THOUGHT CONTROL TO WORK!





THE TWO WOULD-BE KILLERS
HAVE SEEN ENOUGH - THEY
RUN FOR THE NEAREST EXIT



STOP! I WANT
TO QUESTION
YOU!

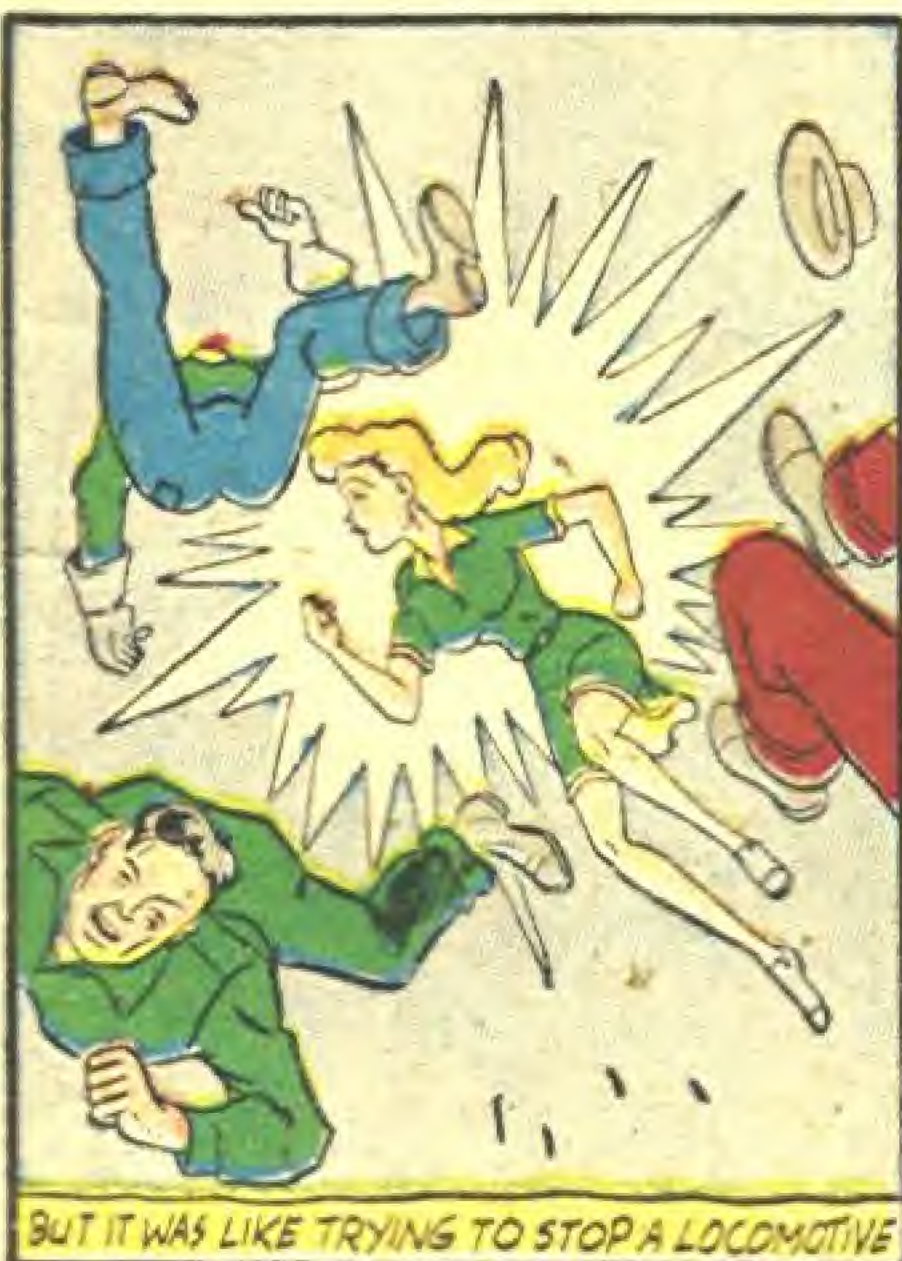


SEVERAL WORKERS SEE
SUPER-ANN STAR FOR THE
FIRST TIME



LOOK! SHE'S
COME BACK TO
KILL NICK AND
TIM!

WE'LL
STOP
HER!



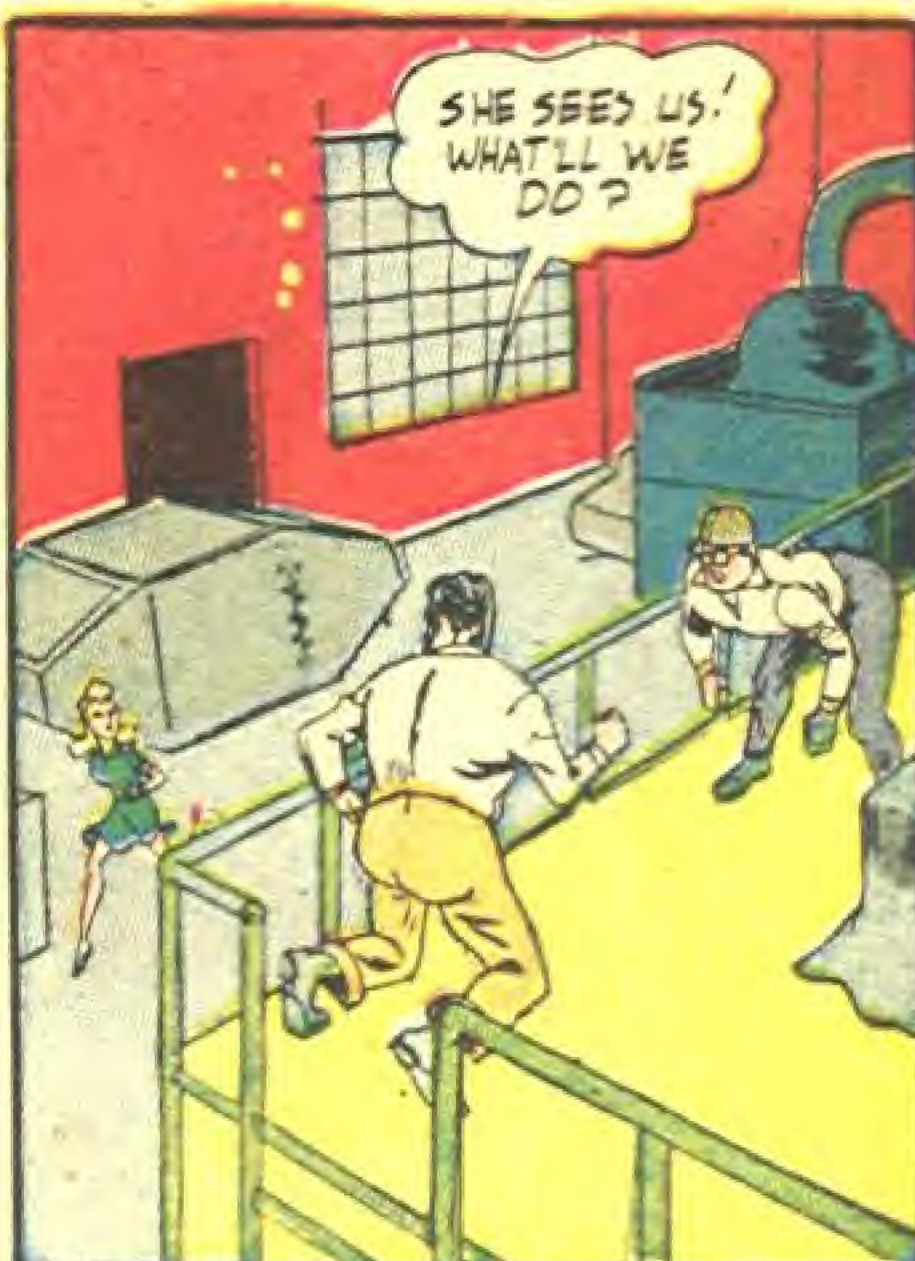
BUT IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO STOP A LOCOMOTIVE

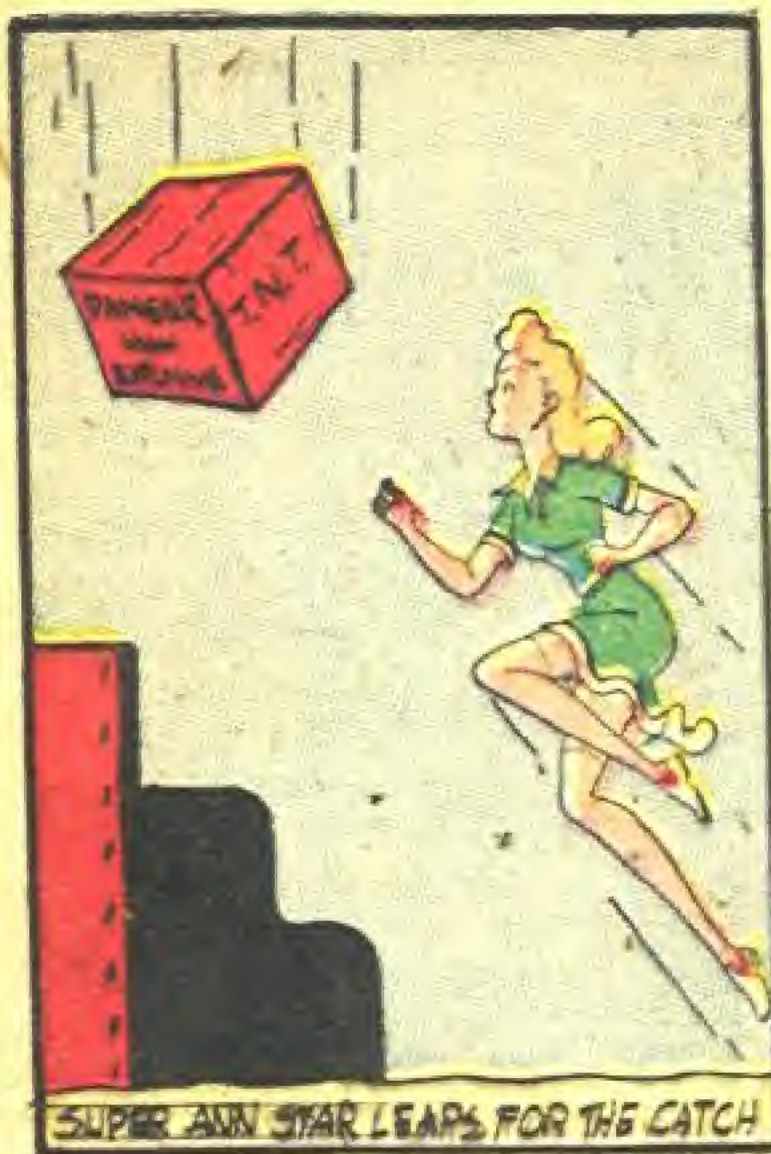
ANN LOSES SIGHT OF HER
QUARRY FOR A SECOND!



WHERE DID
THEY GO?

SHE SEES US!
WHAT'LL WE
DO?





SUPER ANN STAR LEAPS FOR THE CATCH



SHE IS NOBLELY ASSISTED BY THE MIGHTY MAN



WHO, WHILE STILL IN MID-AIR, THROWS THE GIANT HOOK BACK UP ON THE PLATFORM!



HE FINDS THE WOUNDED MAN BREATHING HIS LAST!



THE MAN TALKS WILLINGLY

MEANWHILE SUPER-ANN SETS DOWN THE BOX OF T.N.T! SEEING TIM ENTER THE ROOM ON THE PLATFORM - SHE FOLLOWS QUICKLY



TIM LOCKS THE DOOR BUT THIS DOES NOT STOP ANN!



ANN LEAPS QUICKLY TO SPOIL HIS AIM

BUT TIM, INSTEAD OF SHOOTING, RUNS OUT THE DOOR LIKE A FRIGHTENED DEER!



HE TRIPS ON THE NOW STONE DEAD NICK - BEFORE HE CAN CHECK HIMSELF HE TUMBLES OFF THE PLATFORM TO HIS JUST DESERTS!



SUPER-ANN RUNS HEADLONG INTO A GROUPE OF MEN WHO WERE COMING TO TIM'S RESCUE!



YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR FOR THIS YOUNG LADY! WITH NICK AND TIM DEAD THAT'S THREE LIVES YOU TOOK!

YUP! IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!



THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT TO OVERCOME

I'M INNOCENT! I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! IF ONLY THOSE MEN COULD STILL TALK!



W-WHAT?

I CAN TALK!



IT'S NICK! HE'S COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!

YEAH! IT'S ME, BOYS! LET THE GIRL GO - SHE'S INNOCENT!



THE OFFICE CLERK, TIM AND MYSELF ARE THE GUILTY ONES! WE WERE GOING TO GET A LOT OF DOUGH TO BLOW-UP THIS FACTORY - BUT WHEN WE RECOGNIZED SUPER-ANN STAR WE KNEW WE'D HAVE TO GET RID OF HER FIRST!



WE KILLED TIM TO PIN A MURDER RAP ON HER BUT SHE OUTSMARTED US! BETTER PICK UP THE CLERK, BOYS! HE'LL GIVE YOU THE NAMES OF THE HIGHER-UPS, SO LONG - BE GOOD

NOW I'LL SHRINK OUT OF SIGHT!



WELL THAT CLEARS YOU - YOU WERE SWELL TO COME BACK AND STOP THOSE MEN FROM CARRYING OUT THEIR PLANS! - YOU DID IT ALL ALONE TOO!

DID I? DIDN'T YOU MEN SEE ANYONE ELSE? I'M SURE SOMEONE AIDED ME! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HELP!



SAA-Y! ARE YOU TRYING TO KID US?



ANOTHER CRIME BUSTED IN THE BUD! BUT I'M STILL A FAILURE! I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL IS! I WILL NEXT TIME! I'LL BETCHA!



THE END

THE AMAZING MAN KEEPS A DATE WITH DEATH

CASEY, the cop on special patrol outside the big, new Ocean City Navy Yard, swung his long legs through the darkness and midnight mists toward the corner where he always met Alec, his newsboy friend, every night at this time.

This late rendezvous was the one high spot in Casey's all-night, lonely vigil. It was the one thing he looked forward to, this meeting Alec, talking and joking with the likeable kid and getting his midnight edition to read and help while away the remaining hours.

Sure enough as Casey neared the corner, there in the dim glow of a street lamp stood the small figure with its twisted checkered cap, turtle neck sweater and drooping, knee-length trousers. But as Casey came closer the smile that had started to light his rugged features faded. There was a newsboy there, all right, holding a bulging stack of papers, but it wasn't Alec. This kid was dressed like Alec, only he was a little taller, a little older looking. For his height, he was husky and stolid. Now, Casey saw, not at all like the thin, wiry little Alec.

"Hey, there!" Casey called. "Where's Alec?"

"Sick. Couldn't make it, tonight," the newswy answered. His voice was husky, tight in his throat. "I'm taking his place."

DIRECTLY under the street light now, the two lonely figures stood talking, their shadows long and unreal looking; the tall, broad, uniformed cop and the squat, ragged newspaper vendor.

Oh, well, Casey thought to himself, I can pass the time of night with this kid, too, and anyhow I'm not getting dished out of my nightly paper.

"Nice quiet night, isn't it?" Casey ventured, grinning broadly.

"Yeah," the newswy said briefly. He wasn't even looking at Casey. He was twisting, glancing furtively up the street behind him.

"So quiet you could hear a bomb drop, eh?" Casey chuckled, trying humor this time.

At this the kid uttered a little snarl-like sound from deep in his throat, winced and shrunk back momentarily away from the cop.

"All right," Casey now said briskly. He shrugged his great shoulders, held out a hand. "So you ain't sociable, so it's all right with me. Just give me my paper, and . . ."

HE never finished his sentence because the little news vendor suddenly gave him the paper. He gave him all the papers, the whole big heavy stack he was carrying, flush in the pit of Casey's stomach, flung hard and viciously.

The cop stumbled backward, his face pale, trying desperately to whoosh the breath back into his lungs.

"I don't like funny cops," the kid told the gasping Casey. Only now it was evident that he wasn't a kid. His small face was twisted into a fiendishly angry look, features lined and leathery. He now looked what he really was—an old, wizened and ugly midget.

The dwarf whipped a small pistol from inside his ragged trouser belt, from under his sweater. There was a metallic looking tube on the barrel. The weapon went *ping! ping!* That was the only sound, inaudible ten yards away.

Casey the cop grabbed his stomach with both hands. He no longer gasped for breath. He didn't have the strength. He just stumbled forward a few steps and fell on his face, dead.

The midget stuck dirty fingers between his teeth, gave vent to a shrill whistle. Things happened fast then. A red utility company emergency truck with the ladder mounted on top, sped up. It was loaded with tough, foreign looking men. They all carried sub-machine guns, with silencers similar to the one the shrimp had used on the cop. All except one. He lugged a heavy black suitcase.

THE truck drove right up onto the curb and next to the Navy Yard's high, electrified fence. Swiftly, silently, the men swarmed up the truck's ladder to the platform which reached above the top of the fence. One by one they leaped down inside the Navy Yard.

Inside, the midget leader of the saboteurs looked around him, at the neat, clean buildings, at the drydocks and the half finished hulls of part of Uncle Sam's new navy. His shrunken orange of a face split in a grin.

by ROBERT TURNER

"Neatly done, boys," he told the gang. "You each have your job, like we mapped it out in headquarters. Each man is on his own. Get going!"

The gang scattered, after first opening the black suitcase and taking one of a rack of home made time-bombs that it held.

With a bomb in each hand, and the tommy gun under his arm, one of the men moved toward an almost finished cruiser in dry-dock. Halfway toward it, a sentry in naval uniform stepped out of the shadows.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Who goes there?"

The foreign agent, bent, gently set his bombs on the ground. The muzzle of the machine gun pointed through the inky gloom at the sentry. The faint ping noise sounded a number of times like a toy typewriter. The sailor sentry fell without even a chance to defend himself.

FIFTEEN minutes later, on the ladder-platform of the truck that stood waiting for the escape of the Fifth Columnists, two strange looking figures stood. One was huge and muscular. He wore colorful tights, close-fitted knee-high boots, and crossed shoulder straps, with a shield-like insignia pinned on it, and the large letter A on the shield. The other was a boy with a shock of blond, unruly hair bushed over his forehead. Over his husky torso was a white sweater, with a big T emblazoned on it. They looked like tough cutomers, these two. The outside guards of the saboteurs, now lying unconscious inside the truck, could have testified that they not only looked tough, but were. If the guards had been able.

Aman, the Amazing Man, and Tommy, the Boy Wonder, looked down at the group of spies gathered about their dwarf leader. They heard one of the men say:

"Everything's all taken care of, Shorty. Only trouble I had was with some nosey sentry. Heh-heh. He'll never get nosey again."

"Good!" the half-pint saboteur said gutterally. "That means there's a bomb planted under every ship in the yard, and inside all the buildings. We'd better scam before they go off!"

THE gang started toward the rope ladder that now dangled from the truck-platform, ready for them to climb up and out to safety. But they never reached it.

Tommy and the Amazing Man came hurtling down through the darkness like two live comets. They landed squarely in the middle of the spy-gang, scattering them, sending them sprawling and squealing in fear. Tommy landed right on the midget, flattening him,

squashing him. He bounced right off his victim, legs working like a champ prize fighter, fists swinging neat and clean. Before the gang even realized what had happened, Tommy's hard fists had connected and two of the thugs went sock-a-bye with broken jaws.

A few yards away, the Amazing Man held a saboteur high in each hand, his long fingers around their throats, shaking them till their bones rattled and their eyes popped.

"Leave these birds to me, Tommy," Aman called. "You run around to all the boats and get those bombs. None of these ships must be destroyed. The U. S. needs every one. Hurry!"

Tommy sped off, leaving the Amazing Man facing the half dozen crooks who had not been reached yet, lunging at him with their sub-machine guns raised. All at once the death-weapons started blazing fire and lead in a terrible torrent. But Aman did not fall.

He laughed loud and clearly. He stretched his mighty arms, arched his great chest and started to twirl the frightened crooks he had been shaking at arms' length. He spun them a few times — human pinwheels — and then flung them, right into the rain of death from the guns. Into and through it so hard that their dead bodies flung against the gunmen, slamming them to the ground, knocking the weapons out of their hands.

As they started to get up again, Aman lighted into them, his fists and arms windmills of sinew and hard-hitting bone. Every blow smashed cleanly into an ugly, terrified face, and a few seconds later Aman, stood, hardly breathing heavily, in the center of a mess of kayoed thugs.

THEN he ran to join Tommy, who had by this time, gathered up all the bombs. Together they stood on a dry-dock and hurled the explosive machines into the nearby bay. And just in time. As each one landed, there was a shattering boom over the water and a geyser of spray.

When the police arrived and took over the remains of the badly beaten gang, Tommy and the Amazing Man explained how coming home from a late movie, they had seen Tommy's friend, Alec, the newsboy, outside the theatre. Surprised that Alex wasn't at his regular post out by the Navy Yard, they questioned him. Alec told them about the midget who gave him five dollars to take his place that night. Suspicious of this, Aman and Tommy had rushed straight to the waterfront.

"And a lucky thing it is for us," a sergeant said as he clasped the firm hands of the heroes "that the likes of you are on the side of law and order—and America!"

THE END

HOBO HARPER

JOHN HARPER, EX-MILLIONAIRE, IS NOW KNOWN AS "HOBO HARPER," LEADER OF A ROBIN HOOD BAND OF "GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD" WHO TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE, SEEKING ADVENTURE, BEFRIENDING THE POOR AND OPPRESSED. HIS CHIEF AIDES ARE BALDY, EX-CARNIVAL GIANT, AND CRISCO, ONE TIME VAUDEVILLE ACTOR. AS OUR STORY OPENS IT IS MIDNITE AND HOBO HARPER AND HIS BAND ARE PREPARING TO BOARD A FAST FREIGHT TRAIN...

BALDY AND CRISCO!
LOOK UP THERE IN
THE LIGHT OF
THE FREIGHT
TRAIN!

A GIRL LYING
PLUMB ACROSS
THE TRACKS!

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
TO MISS THIS TRAIN, GANG.
TRY TO SLOW IT DOWN
WHILE I GO DRAG HER
OFF THE TRACK!

HALT!
I COMMAND
YOU TO
HALT!

STOP!

SHE'LL
BE
KILLED!





AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, HOBO HARPER- STICKING DESPERATELY TO HIS TASK, FREES THE GIRL'S FOOT, LIFTS HER AND LEAPS TO SAFETY





TONY BLAIR IS MY MANAGER. HE AND SOME OF THE OTHER MEN HAVE BEEN MAKING TROUBLE FOR SOME TIME. THEY WANT ME OUT OF THE WAY SO THEY CAN HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE CARNIVAL!

SUCH RUFFIANS! ~ THEY SHOULD BE ASHAMED, PICKING ON A SLIP OF A GIRL LIKE YOU. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS, HOBOS?



WHY, I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO BACK TO THE CARNIVAL WITH MISS ROGERS AND CLEAN OUT TONY BLAIR AND HIS GANG. WHAT DO YOU SAY, MEN?

LET'S GO!

WE'LL FIX 'EM!

SWELL!

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE ROGERS' ROAD SHOW.

AND A RIGHT NICE LOOKING CARNIVAL IT IS, TOO, MISS ROGERS!



HEY! HERE COMES ANNE ROGERS WITH A GANG OF HOBOS!

TONY'S PLAN FAILED! SHE DIDN'T GET KILLED BY THE TRAIN. WE'D BETTER GO TELL HIM!

HEY, BOSS, THE ROGERS DAME IS BACK. SHE'S COMING THIS WAY WITH A BUNCH OF RAILROAD BUMS!

THEY LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN TO MAKE TROUBLE!

YEAH?



THERE'LL BE TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT. NO GANG OF DEAD BEAT TRAMPS ARE GOING TO SPOIL MY PLANS. I ALREADY GOT ANOTHER IDEA. I COULD JUST BUMP THE DAME, OUTRIGHT, BUT I'M A SPECIALIST... A SPECIALIST IN FANCY MURDERS!

ROUND UP THE ROUSTABOUTS AND HAVE 'EM START A FIGHT WITH THESE HOBOS. WHILE THE FIGHT'S ON, SNATCH THE ROGERS FRAIL AND BRING HER HERE TO ME!

RIGHT CHIEF!







WELL, I GUESS WE WON THAT ARGUMENT!

A VERY INSPIRING SET-TO!

HEY! WHERE'S ANNE ROGERS? SHE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



THERE THEY ARE!

WHO'S THAT GUY SHE'S WITH? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HER RUNNING AWAY LIKE THAT!

YES, HOB0, AND SO TONY BLAIR WAS GOING TO KILL ME AGAIN, BUT I TALKED HIM OUT OF IT AND MADE HIM ASHAMED OF HIMSELF. HE'S CHANGED, AND...

YEP YOU FELLOWS DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ANNE ANY MORE. I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF. I'M GOING TO HELP HER, FROM NOW ON!



NOW THAT TONY'S SEEN THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS, HOB0, HE AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE A RIDE ON THE FERRIS WHEEL, WHILE WE DISCUSS NEW PLANS FOR THE CARNIVAL.

SO LONG, BOYS!

HMMM, THAT FELLOW MADE AN AWFULLY SUDDEN CHANGE!

I SOMEHOW STILL DON'T BELIEVE HIM!

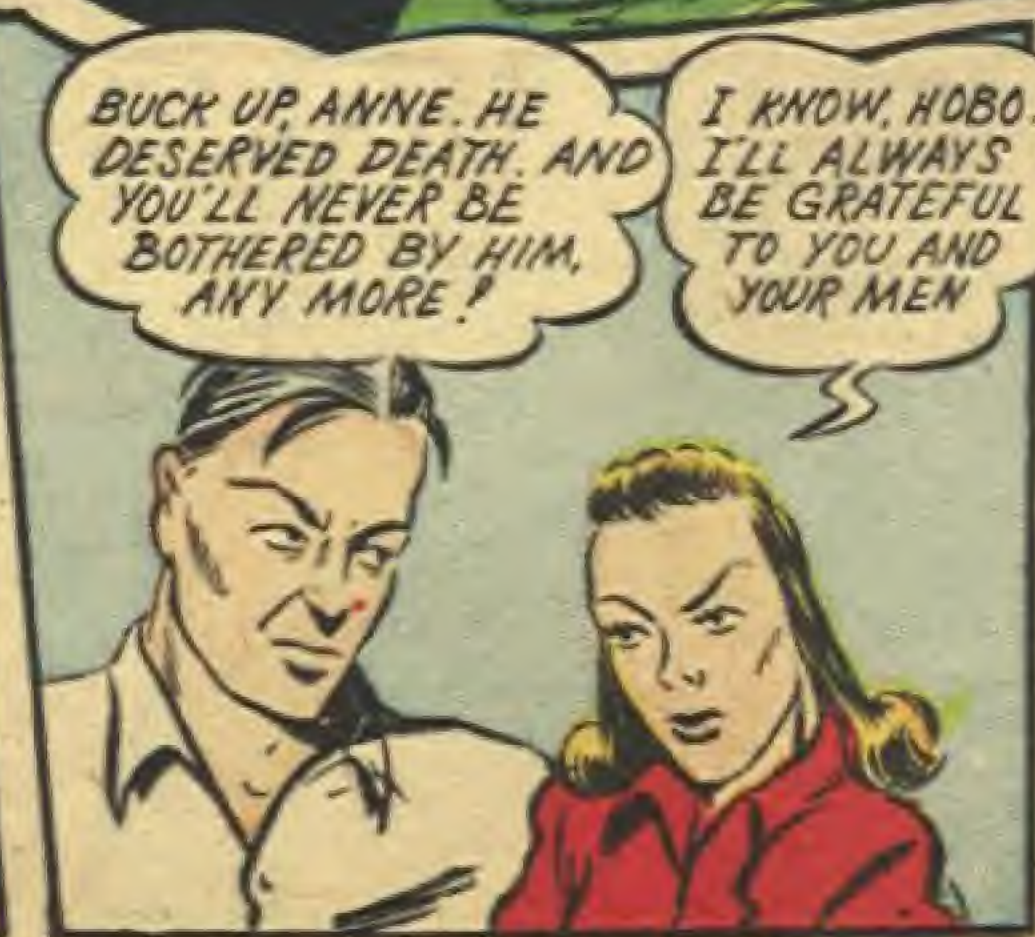
ME NEITHER. I THINK HE'S UP TO SOMETHING. I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, WHILE THEY'RE ON THAT WHEEL!



WHERE YOU GOING, HOB0?

YOU'LL SEE!

NOW I'LL BE RIGHT WITH ANNE IN THIS GONDOLA, IN CASE TONY STARTS ANYTHING... AND I'VE A HUNCH HE WILL!



The STRANGE ADVENTURES of

METEOR MARTIN

METEOR MARTIN,
ACE PILOT OF THE
MOON PATROL, IS
ON DUTY IN HIS
SPACE-SHIP, GUARDING
THE AMERICAN
OBSERVATORIES ON
THE MOON.....

BASIL
WOLVERTON

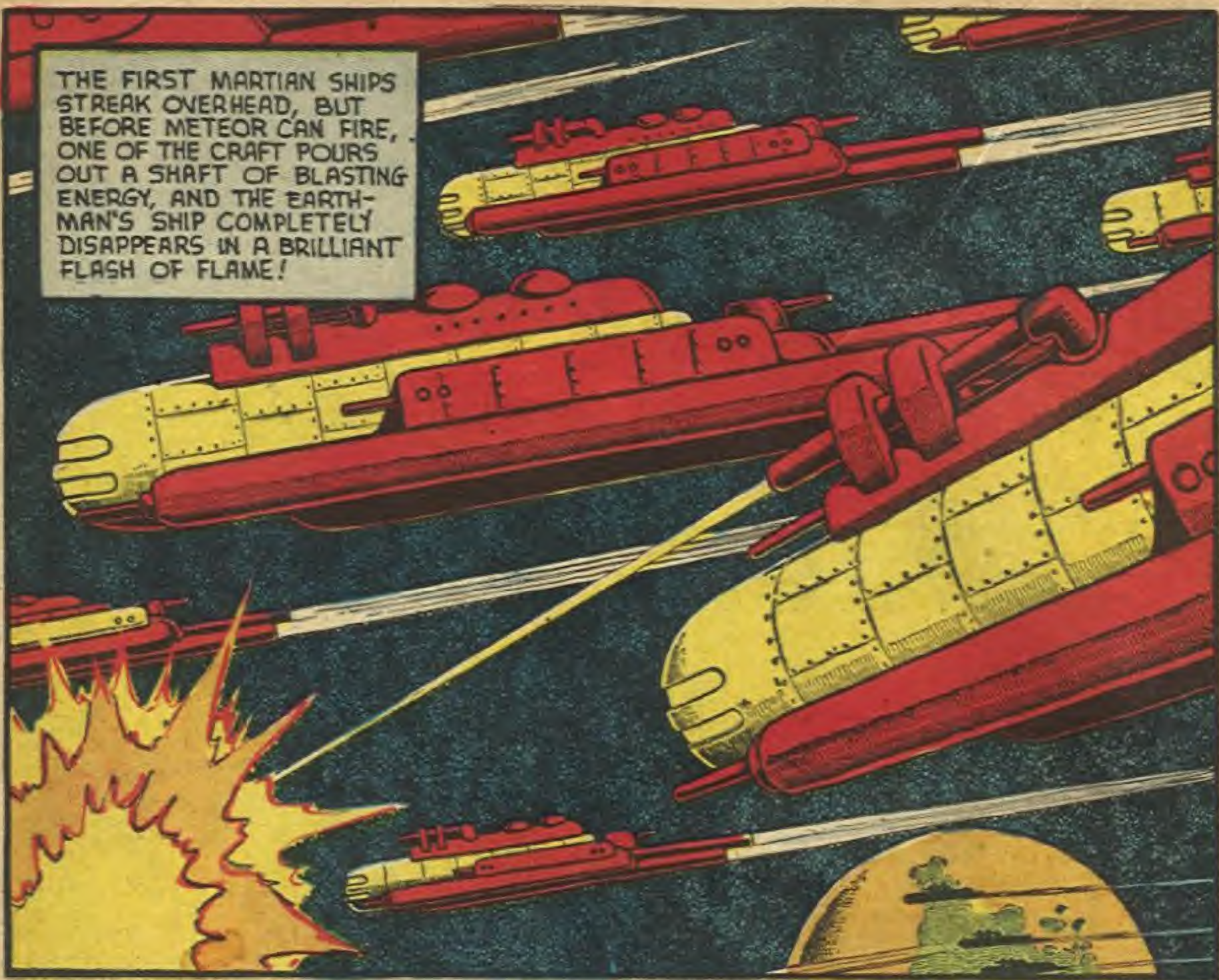
SUDDENLY

GREAT JUMPING
JUPITER! THE
SKY IS FILLED
WITH SPACE-SHIPS!
THE MARTIANS HAVE
COME AT LAST TO
ATTACK THE EARTH!

METEOR MARTIN
CALLING AMERICA!
MARTIAN WARSHIPS
ARE APPROACHING IN
GREAT NUMBERS!

TOO LATE FOR ME TO
ESCAPE! I ONLY HOPE
I CAN PICK OFF ONE OF
THOSE MONSTERS WITH
MY FLAME CANNON
BEFORE THEY GET ME!

THE FIRST MARTIAN SHIPS
STREAK OVERHEAD, BUT
BEFORE METEOR CAN FIRE,
ONE OF THE CRAFT POURS
OUT A SHAFT OF BLASTING
ENERGY, AND THE EARTH-
MAN'S SHIP COMPLETELY
DISAPPEARS IN A BRILLIANT
FLASH OF FLAME!



INSIDE THE MARTIAN SHIP—

HA! OUR FIRST VICTIM!
I MERELY PRESS THE
TRIGGER OF THIS
OBLITERATOR GUN, AND
PRESTO!—THE ENEMY
VANISHES!

A MARVELOUS
WEAPON! WITH IT
WE'LL BLAST ALL
EARTHMEN TO
ATOMS!



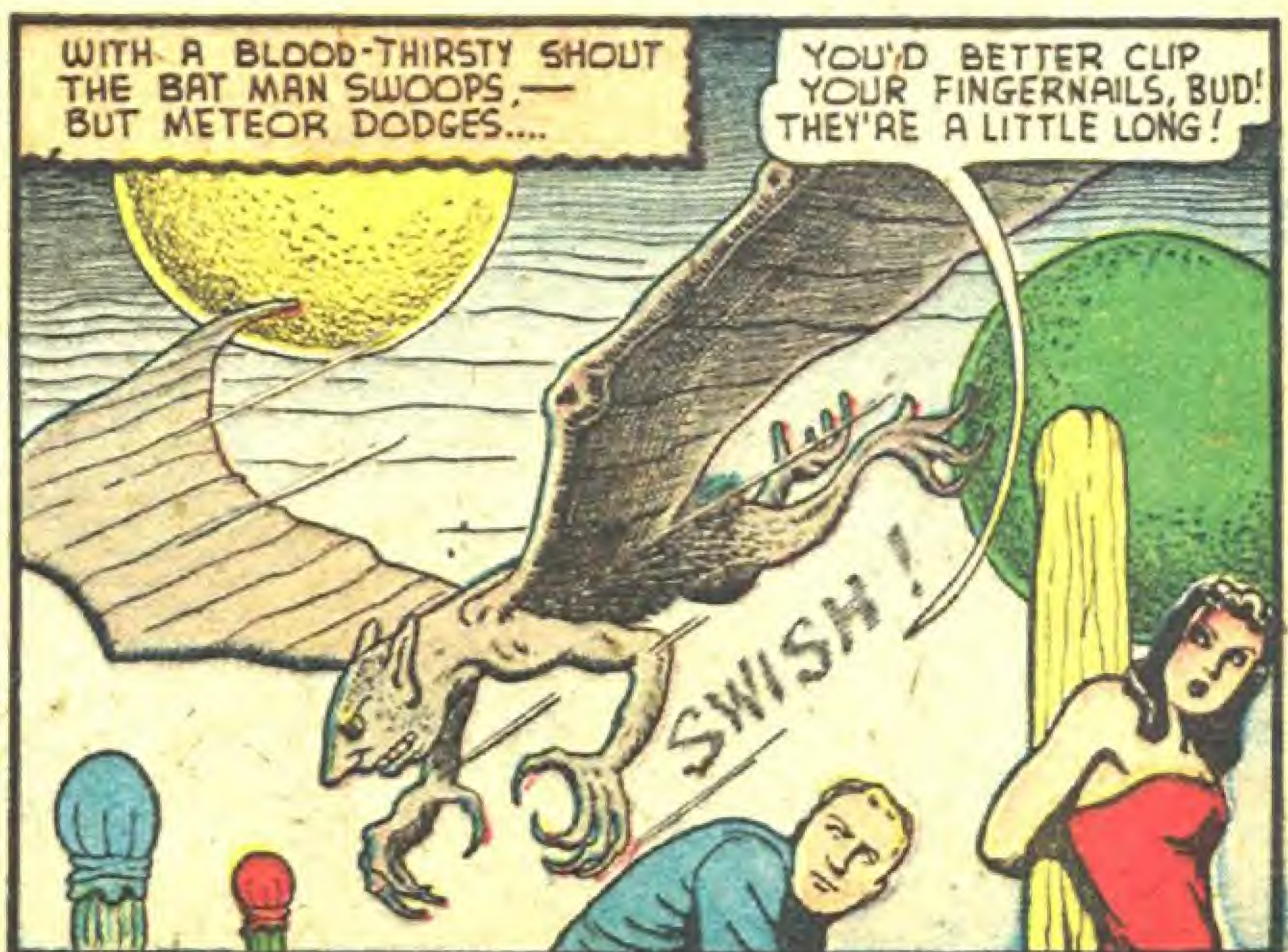
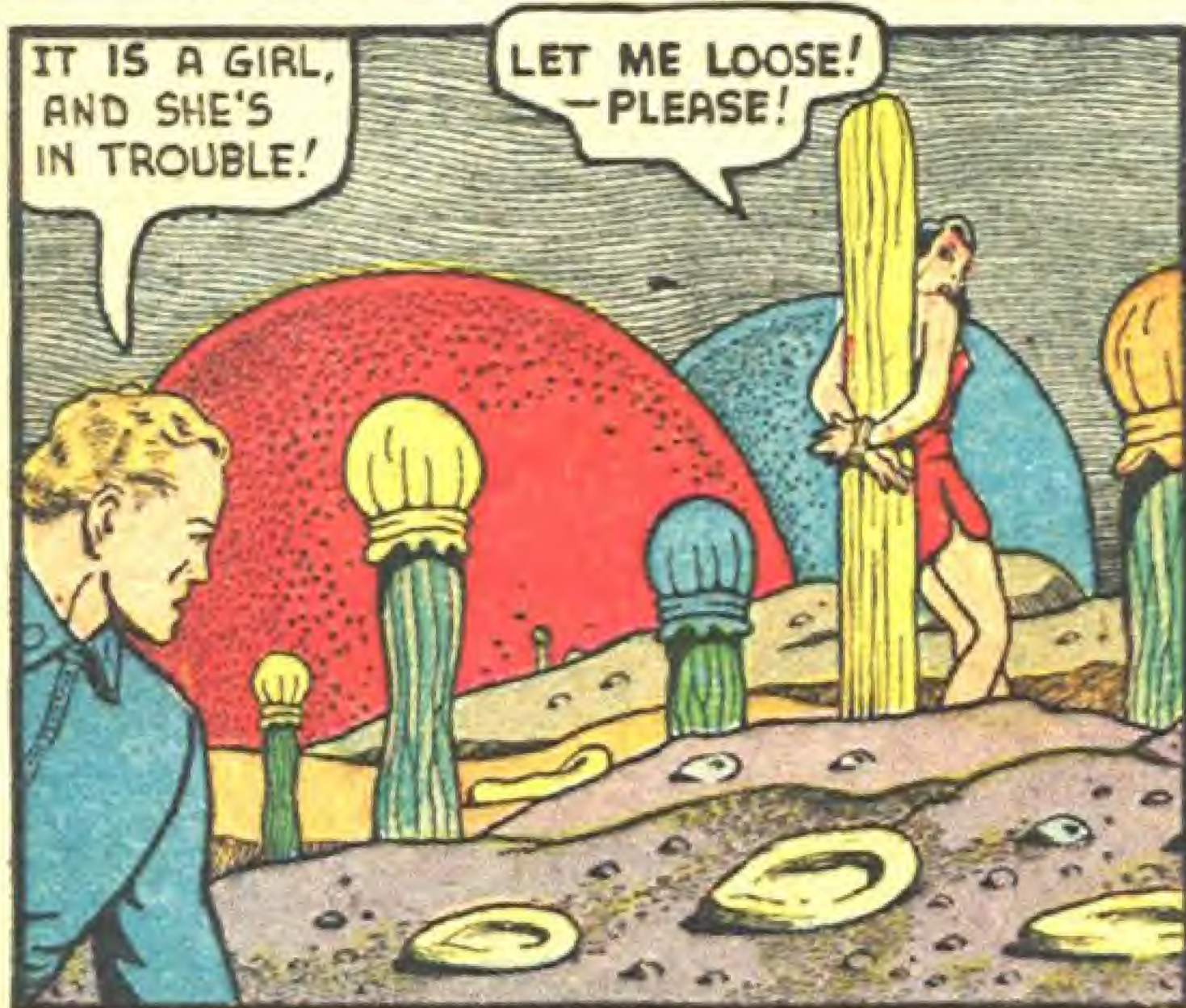
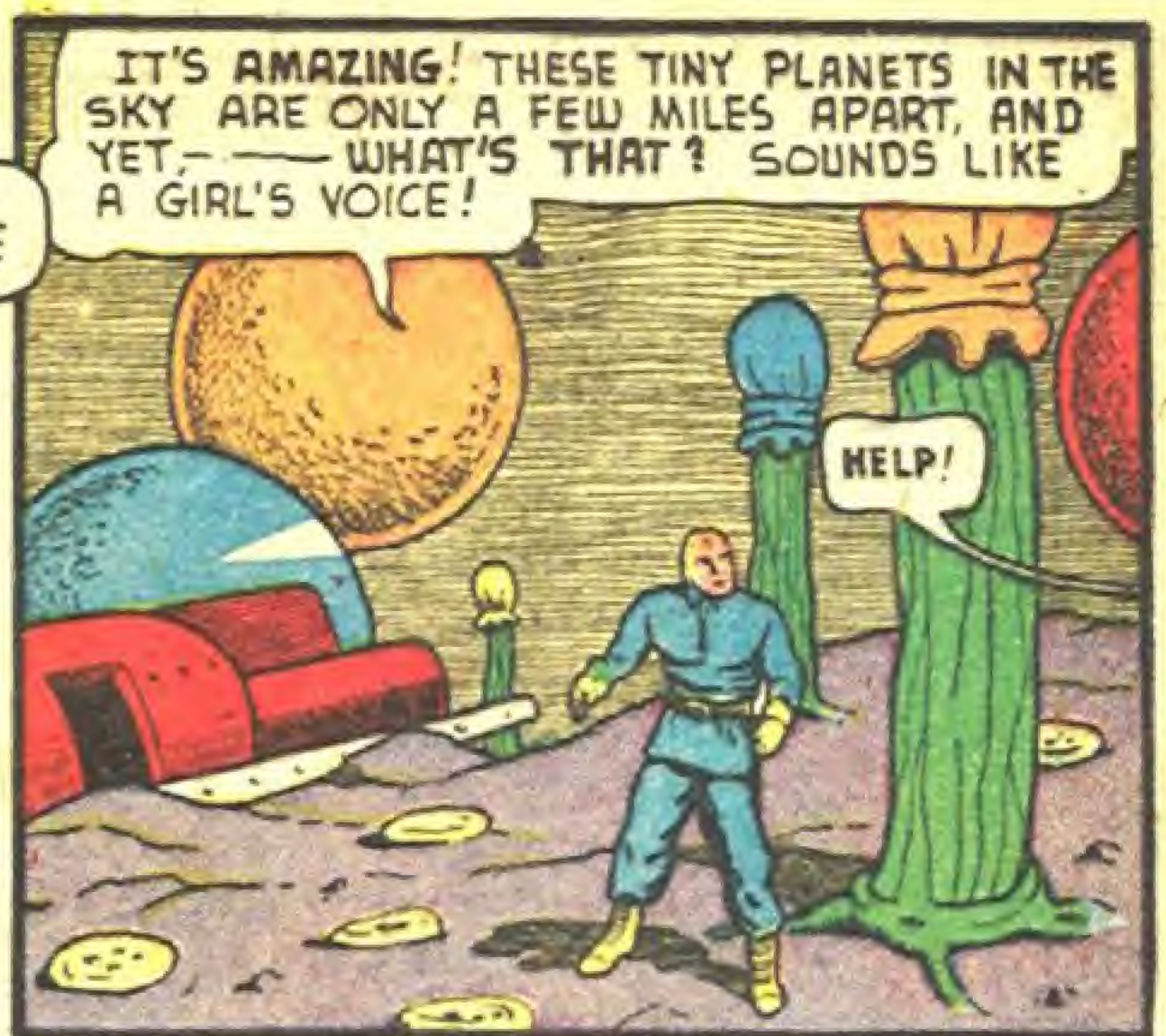
AS THE BOLT STRIKES METEOR'S SHIP,
A SHOCK OF PAIN SENDS
HIM REELING...



BUT HE IS FAR FROM BEING
BLASTED TO ATOMS! WHEN
HE REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE
LOOKS OUT TO SEE...

I'M GROUNDED—BUT
WHERE? NO PLACE IN
THE SOLAR SYSTEM
LOOKS LIKE THIS!



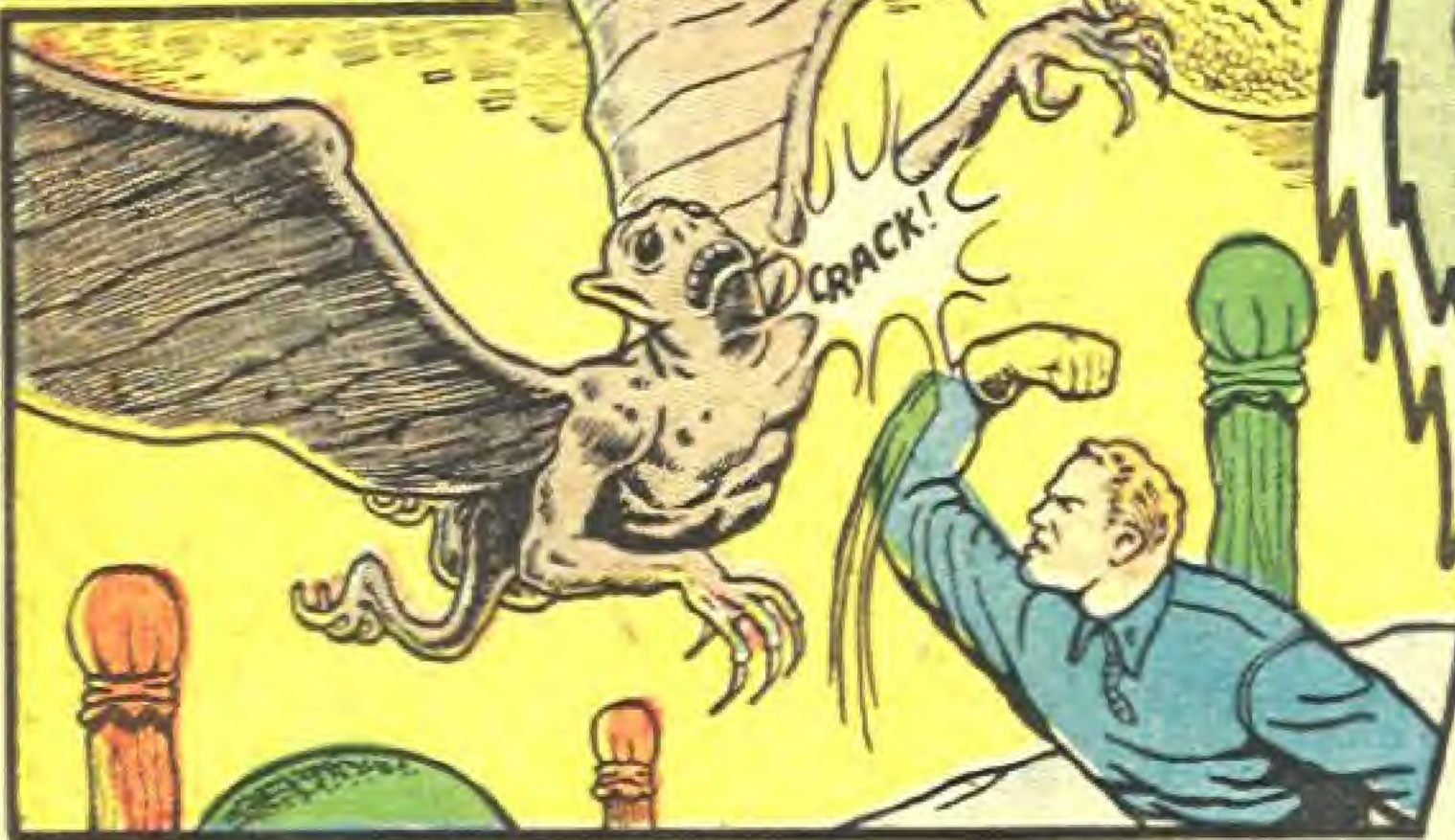


AS THE BAT MAN WHIRLS FOR A SECOND ATTACK, METEOR RUSHES IN.....

OR, STILL BETTER, PERHAPS I'D BETTER DO THE CLIPPING — ON THE CHIN!

YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT! NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT!

TOO BAD MY SHIP WON'T FLY!

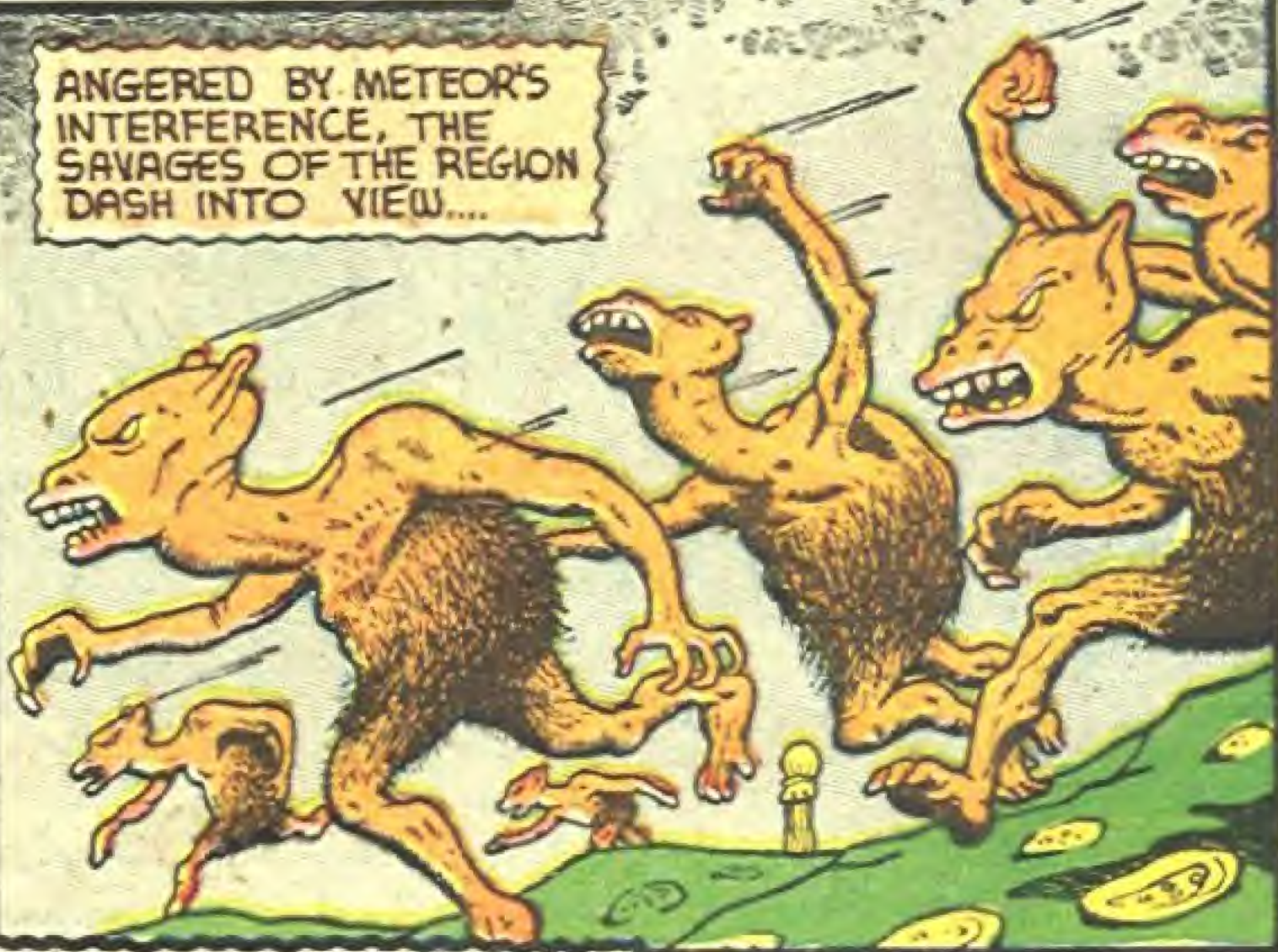


IT'S NOT FAR TO MY VILLAGE! COME ON!

LOOK!



ANGERED BY METEOR'S INTERFERENCE, THE SAVAGES OF THE REGION DASH INTO VIEW....

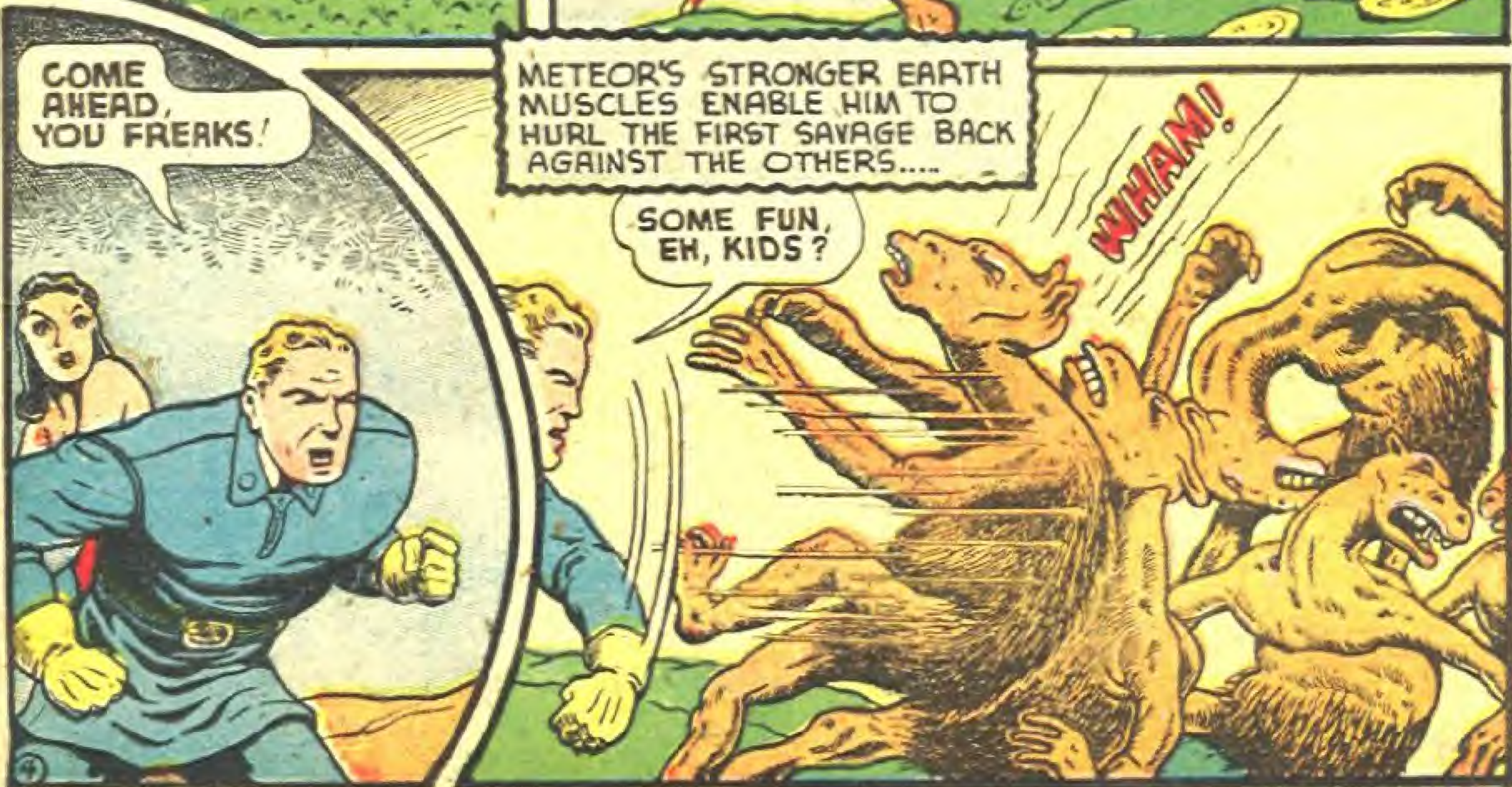


COME AHEAD, YOU FREAKS!

METEOR'S STRONGER EARTH MUSCLES ENABLE HIM TO HURL THE FIRST SAVAGE BACK AGAINST THE OTHERS....

SOME FUN, EH, KIDS?

WHAM!





AND HERE'S MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE!

YOU'VE SAVED US! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!

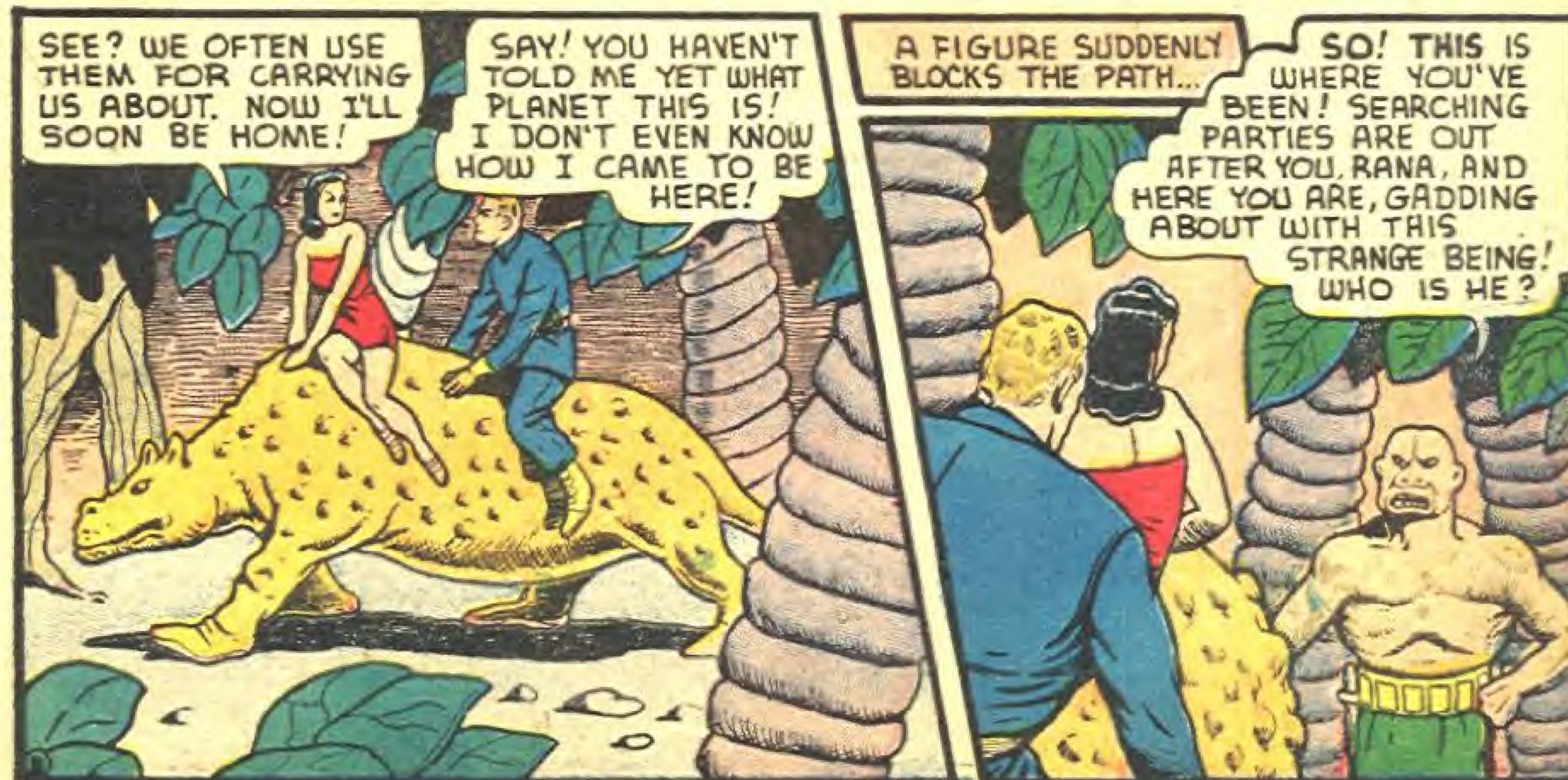
NOW — WHICH WAY TO YOUR HOME?



THIS WAY! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THIS JUNGLE IS FULL OF CREATURES!

I'LL SAY IT IS!

OH! — THAT'S ONLY A JUNGLE HORSE! MOST OF THEM ARE GENTLE! LOOK! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE CAN GET A RIDE INTO THE VILLAGE!



SEE? WE OFTEN USE THEM FOR CARRYING US ABOUT. NOW I'LL SOON BE HOME!

SAY! YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YET WHAT PLANET THIS IS! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I CAME TO BE HERE!

A FIGURE SUDDENLY BLOCKS THE PATH...

SO! THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN! SEARCHING PARTIES ARE OUT AFTER YOU, RANA, AND HERE YOU ARE, GADDING ABOUT WITH THIS STRANGE BEING! WHO IS HE?



DON'T BE INSOLENT, GROOB! THIS MAN SAVED ME FROM THE BAT MEN AND DESERT SAVAGES!



A FINE STORY! COME WITH ME!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



WHY, YOU —! YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ME! REMEMBER — I'M GOING TO BE GOVERNOR OF THIS REGION!



THAT'S ENOUGH ROUGH STUFF, FELLOW!

SILENCE, YOU JUNGLE PIG! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER!



WHY WAIT?

WHOP



FOOL! THAT WILL COST YOU YOUR LIFE!

SCRAM, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT AGAIN!



THERE HE GOES, BUT HE'LL BE BACK WITH HIS MEN! I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUT NOW IT WON'T BE SAFE FOR YOU TO ENTER THE VILLAGE! I'LL GO ON ALONE!

NONSENSE! I'M GOING WITH YOU! THIS IS JUST BEGINNING TO BE INTERESTING!

Where is METEOR MARTIN AND HOW HAS HE COME TO BE THERE?

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
?

KING OF DARKNESS

by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL



KING, INVENTOR OF A WAVE WHICH WILL NEUTRALIZE BOTH LIGHT AND HEAT, PROJECTS EITHER ABSOLUTE DARKNESS OR COLD. SPECIAL GOGGLES ENABLE KING TO SEE, AND AN INSULATING COSTUME PROTECTS HIM FROM THE COLD. SO, AS KING OF DARKNESS, HE AIDS NATIONAL DEFENSE.

A GREAT BRITISH BATTLESHIP, REPAIRED IN THE ██████ NAVY YARD, PREPARES TO SAIL.



IN THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

MORE SUBS REPORTED, COMMANDER!

WAITING FOR THE *DEFIANCE* TO SAIL! THAT'S BAD!



NOW, IF ONLY THE *KING OF DARKNESS* WOULD TAKE A HAND—

THAT'S AN IDEA! CALL SERGT. BURKE, HE SEEMS TO KNOW HIM, JONES.



KING, THIS IS LIEUT. JONES OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. HE HAS AN IDEA YOUR -ER- FRIEND, KING OF DARKNESS, CAN HELP GET THE *DEFIANCE* PAST THOSE ENEMY SUBS, THIS AFTERNOON.

I SEE. BURKE





AFTER BURKE AND LIEUT. JONES LEAVE—



- KING MAKES A PHONOGRAPH RECORD.

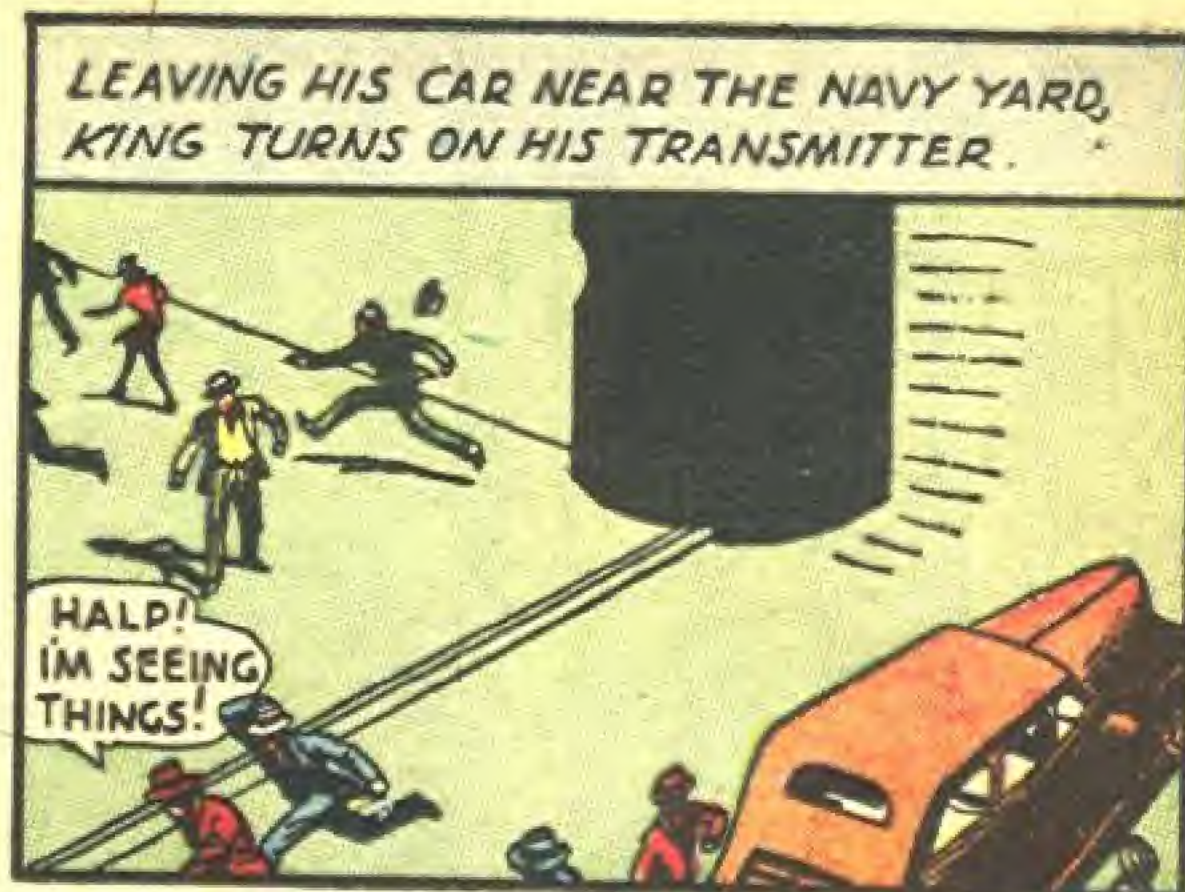


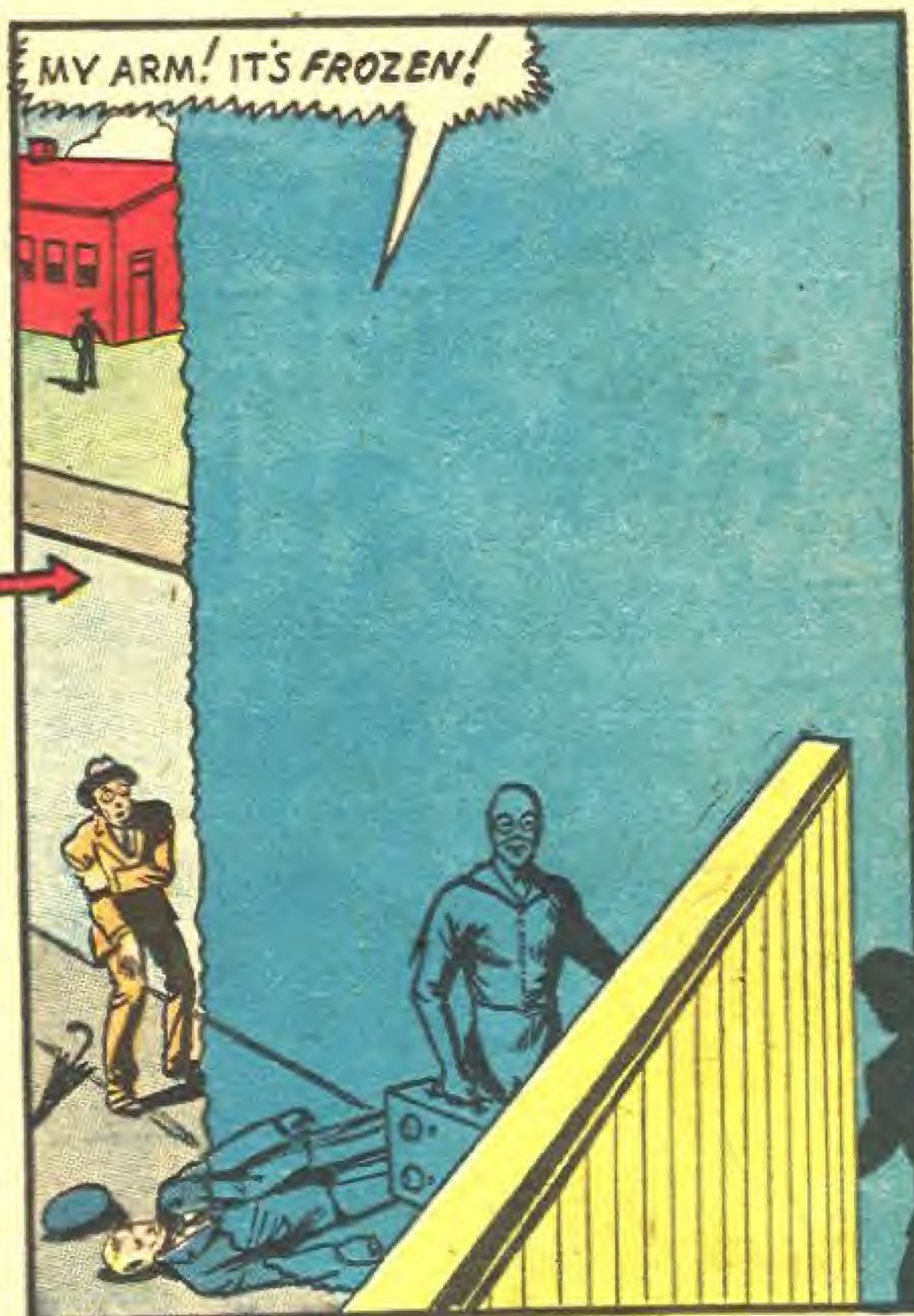
KING PUTS ON HIS INSULATING SUIT, AND DONS HIS SPECIAL GOGGLES.

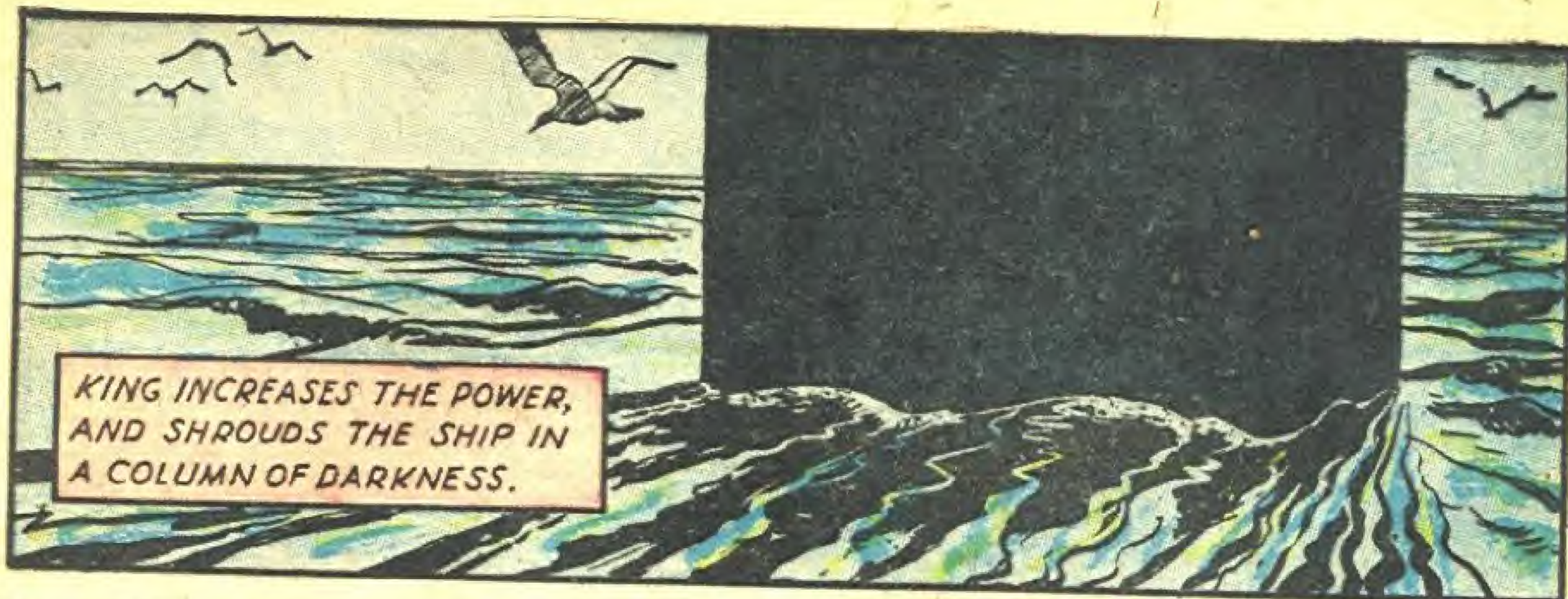


TESTS HIS BLACK-ZERO TRANSMITTER -







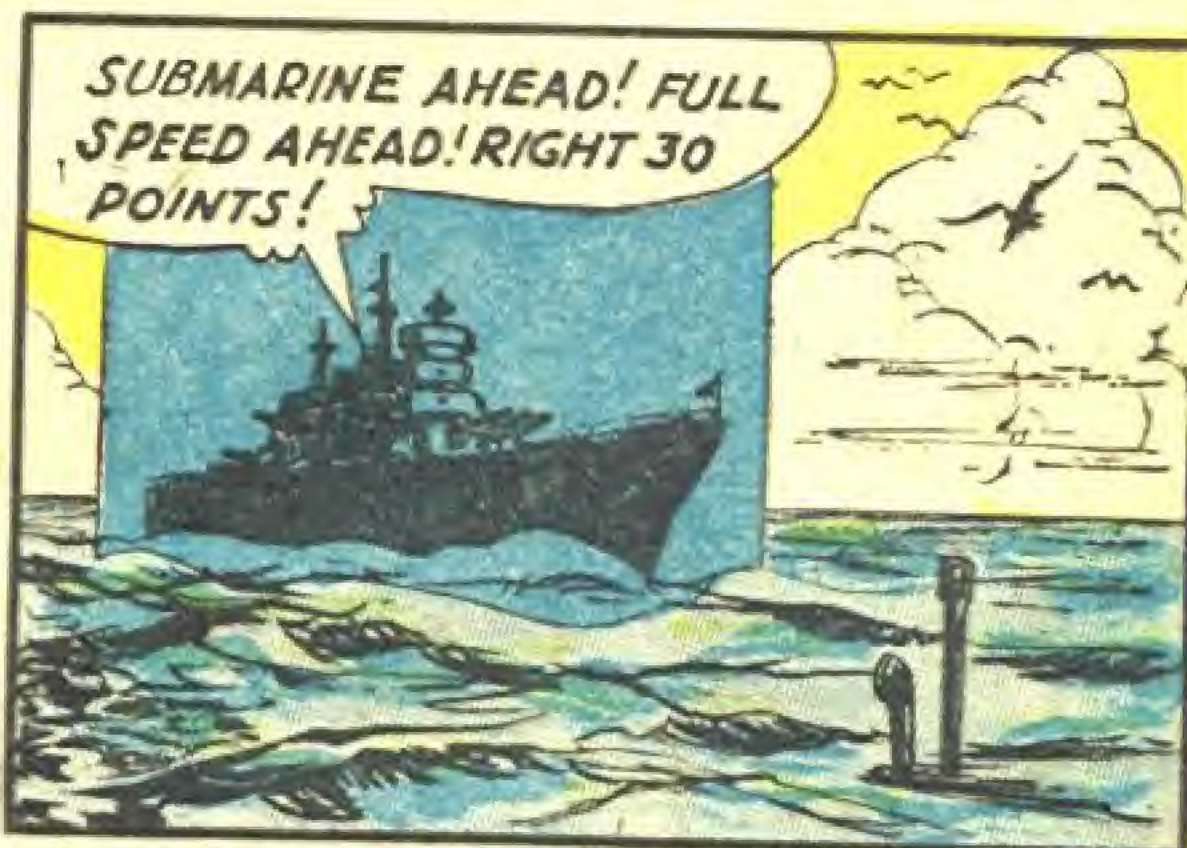


KING INCREASES THE POWER,
AND SHROUDS THE SHIP IN
A COLUMN OF DARKNESS.



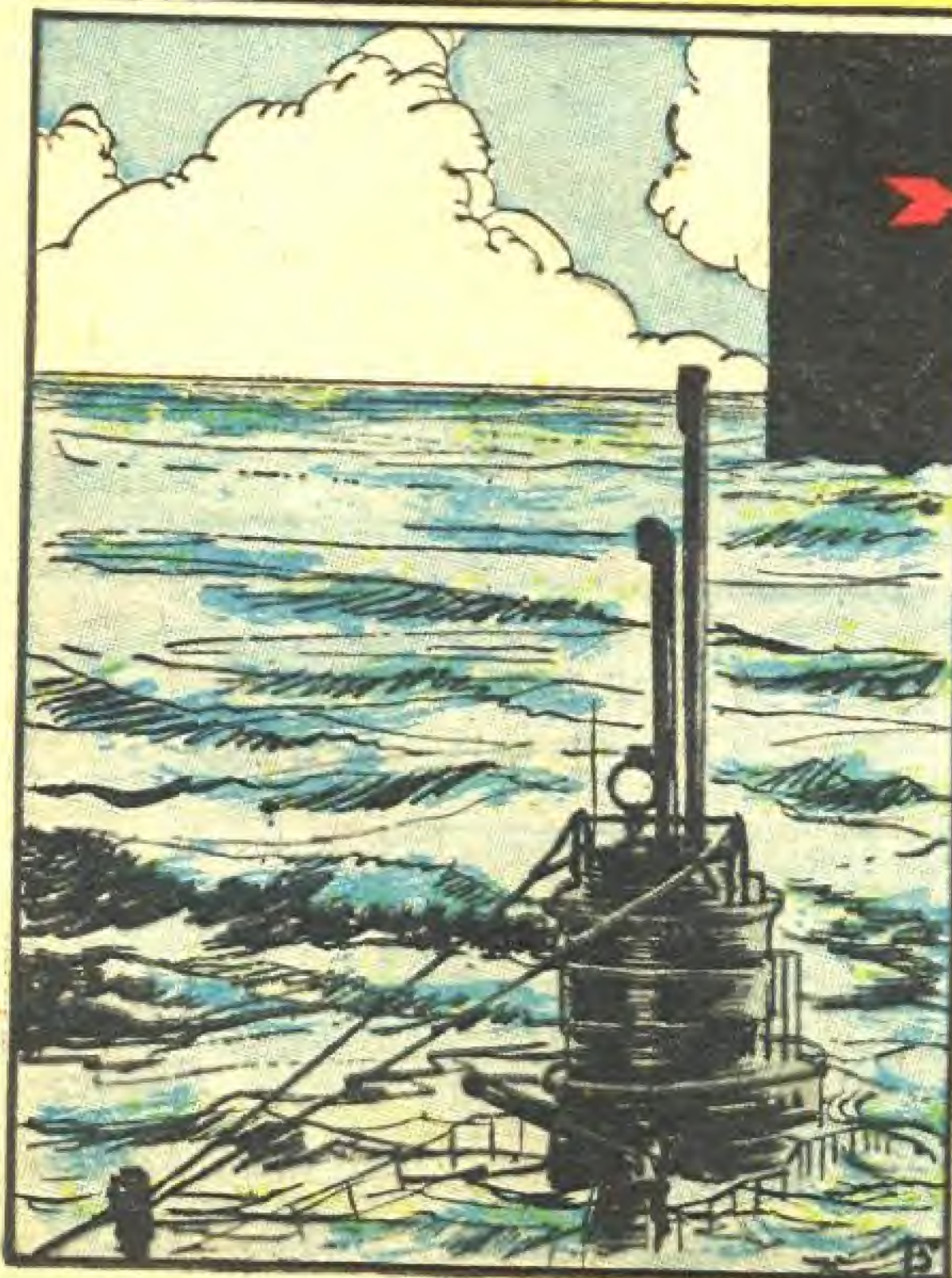
GOSH, I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

WELL,
I CAN!
TWO POINTS
TO STARBOARD!

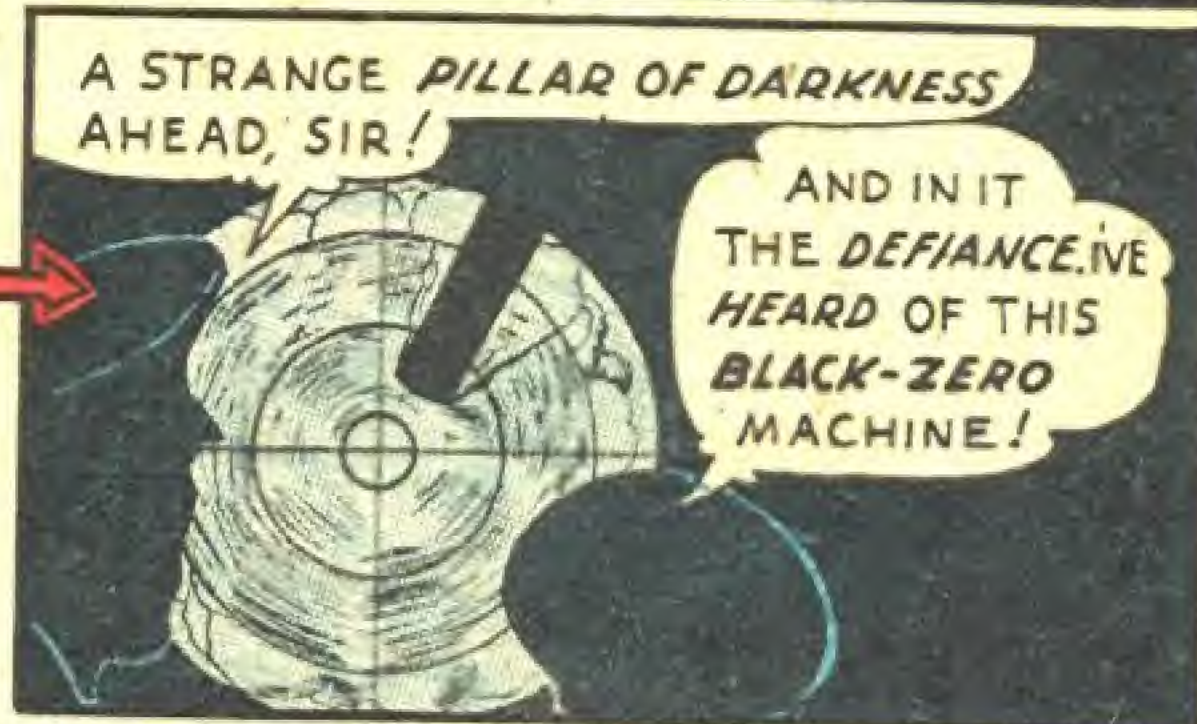


SUBMARINE AHEAD! FULL
SPEED AHEAD! RIGHT 30
POINTS!

CONNING TOWER AWASH, THE SUB
WAITS.



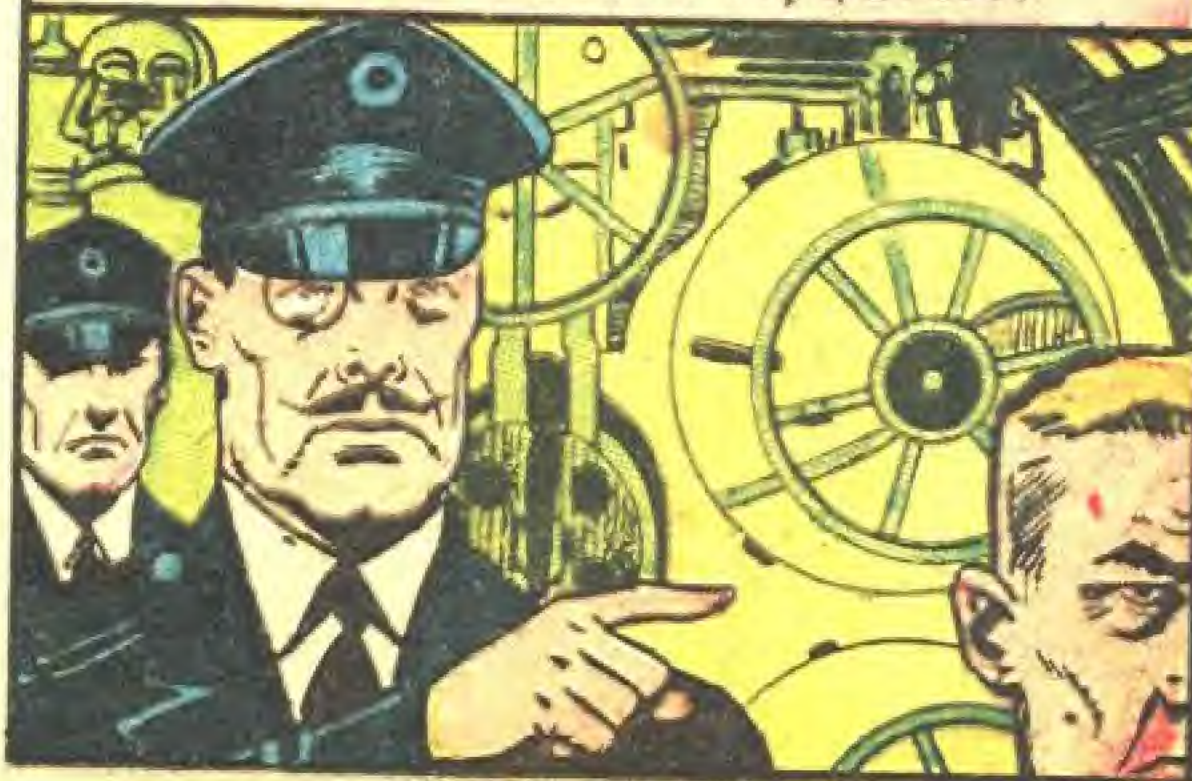
INSIDE THE SUBMARINE.



A STRANGE PILLAR OF DARKNESS
AHEAD, SIR!

AND IN IT
THE DEFIANCE. I'VE
HEARD OF THIS
BLACK-ZERO
MACHINE!

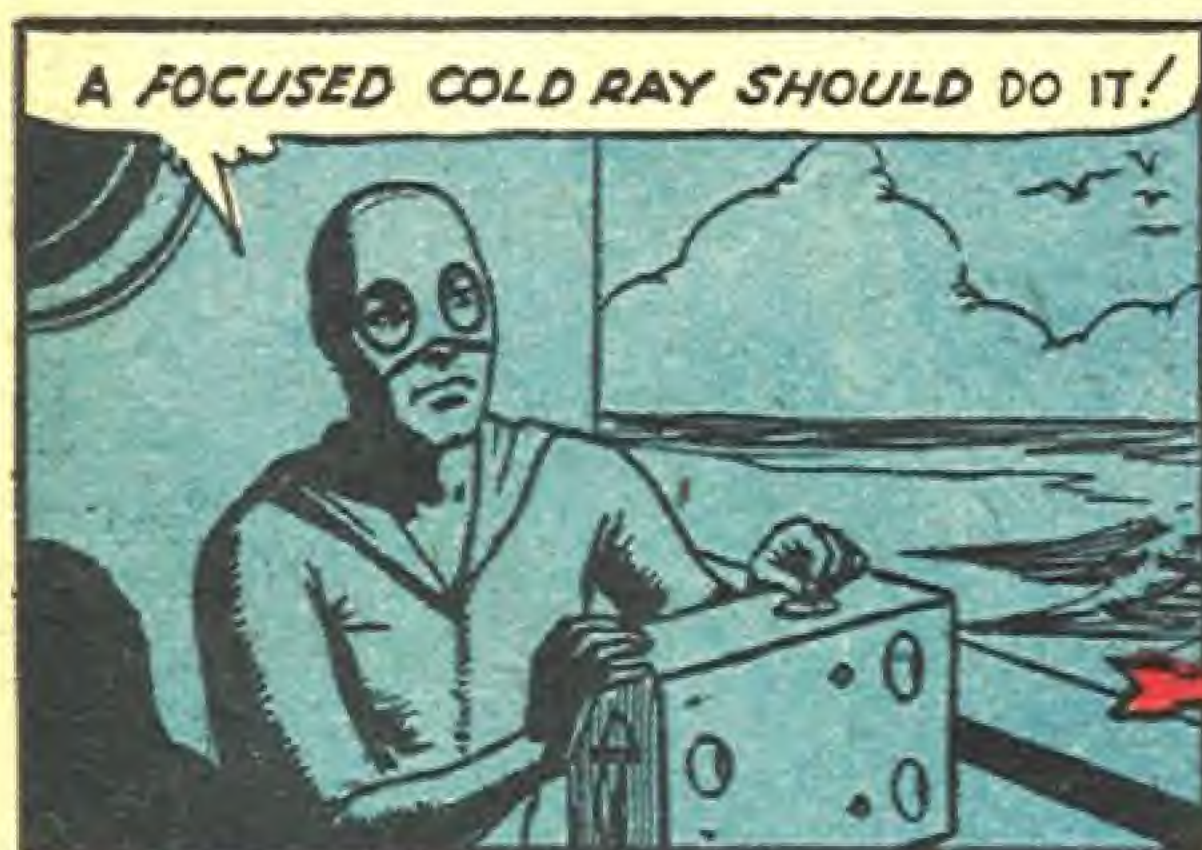
LAUNCH TORPEDOES AT IT, QUICK!





ONE TORPEDO CUTS ACROSS THE
DEFIANCE'S BOW- ANOTHER THE
STERN. BUT THE THIRD-

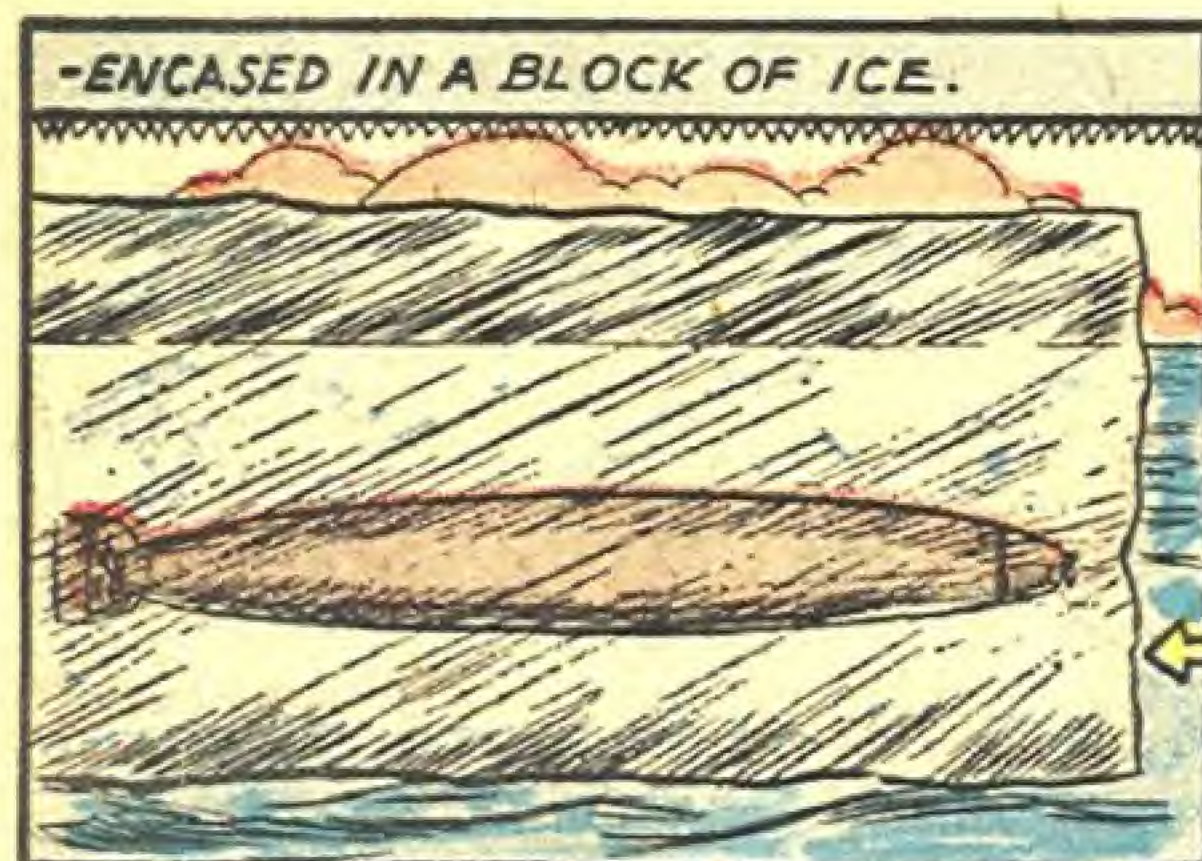
UNLESS I STOP IT, THAT
ONE WILL TAKE US
AMID-SHIPS!



A FOCUSED COLD RAY SHOULD DO IT!



AS THE COLD RAY TOUCHES THE TORPEDO,
IT FALTERS - STOPS-



-ENCASED IN A BLOCK OF ICE.



AS THE COLD RAY TOUCHES THE SUB,
IT'S PROPELLERS STOP-FROZEN.



FIFTY MILES FURTHER OUT TO SEA.

OUR JOB'S OVER, BURKE!
HAVE THEM FLY US BACK!

RIGHT!

5 MINUTES LATER, A PLANE IS LAUNCHED.

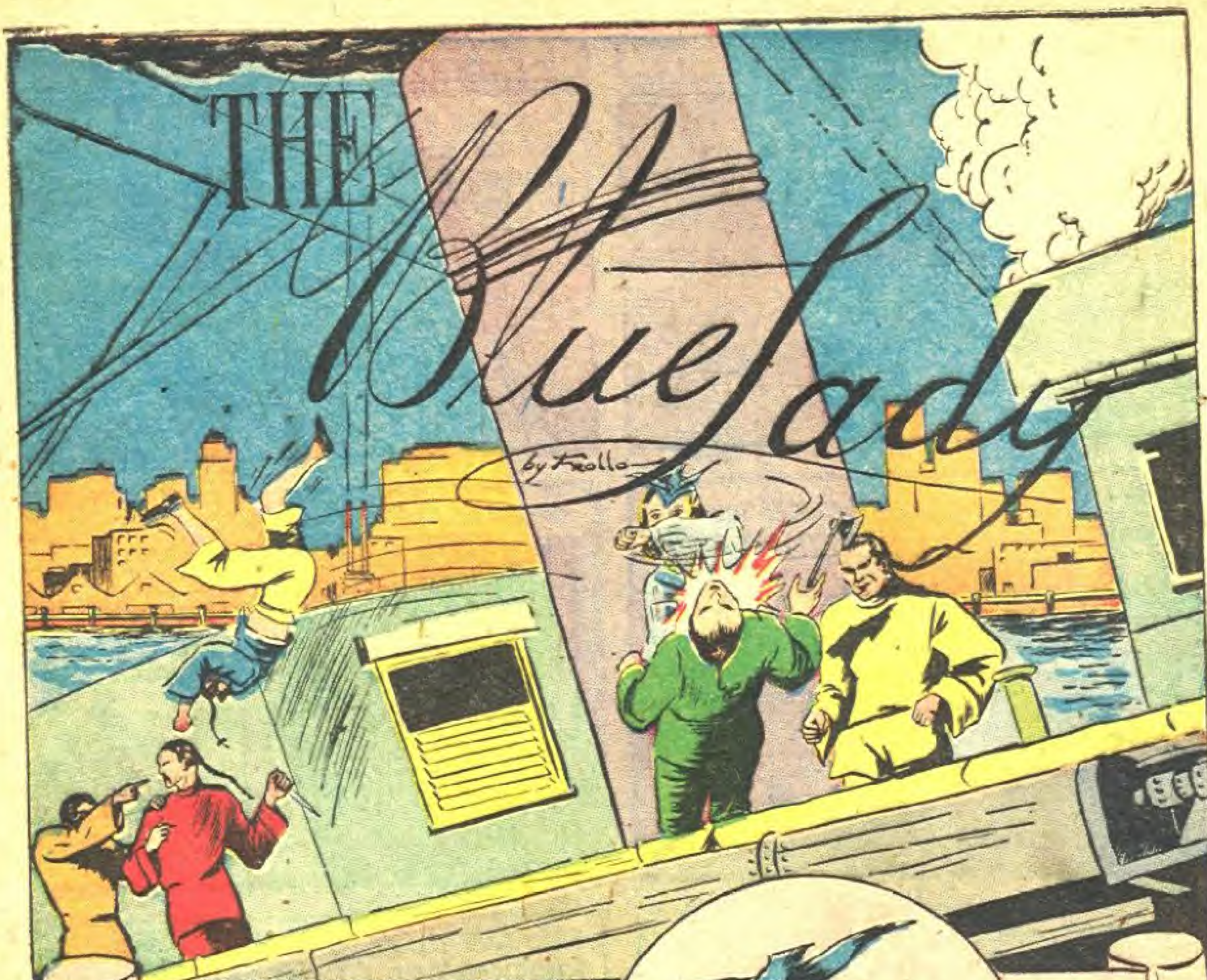


AND 45 MINUTES LATER - - -



THUS, TEN MINUTES LATER -





THE

The Blue Lady

by Frollo

LUCILLE MARTIN, AN ADVENTUROUS YOUNG NOVELIST HAS ACQUIRED THE ANCIENT BLUE BIRD RING THAT ENDOWS THE POSSESSOR WITH TREMENDOUS COURAGE AND STRENGTH. IN THE COURSE OF HER TRAVELS SHE WAS ASKED BY A CHINESE FRIEND TO DELIVER A JADE IDOL TO SING THANG IN NEW YORK, WHICH SHE DID. LITTLE DOES THE BLUE LADY KNOW THAT THE JADE IDOL WILL INVOLVE HER IN A SINISTER MYSTERY



THE BLUE LADY



IF I REMEMBER WELL AND OPEN THIS HOLY IDOL CORRECTLY CHINA AND HER PEOPLE WILL BE SERVED!

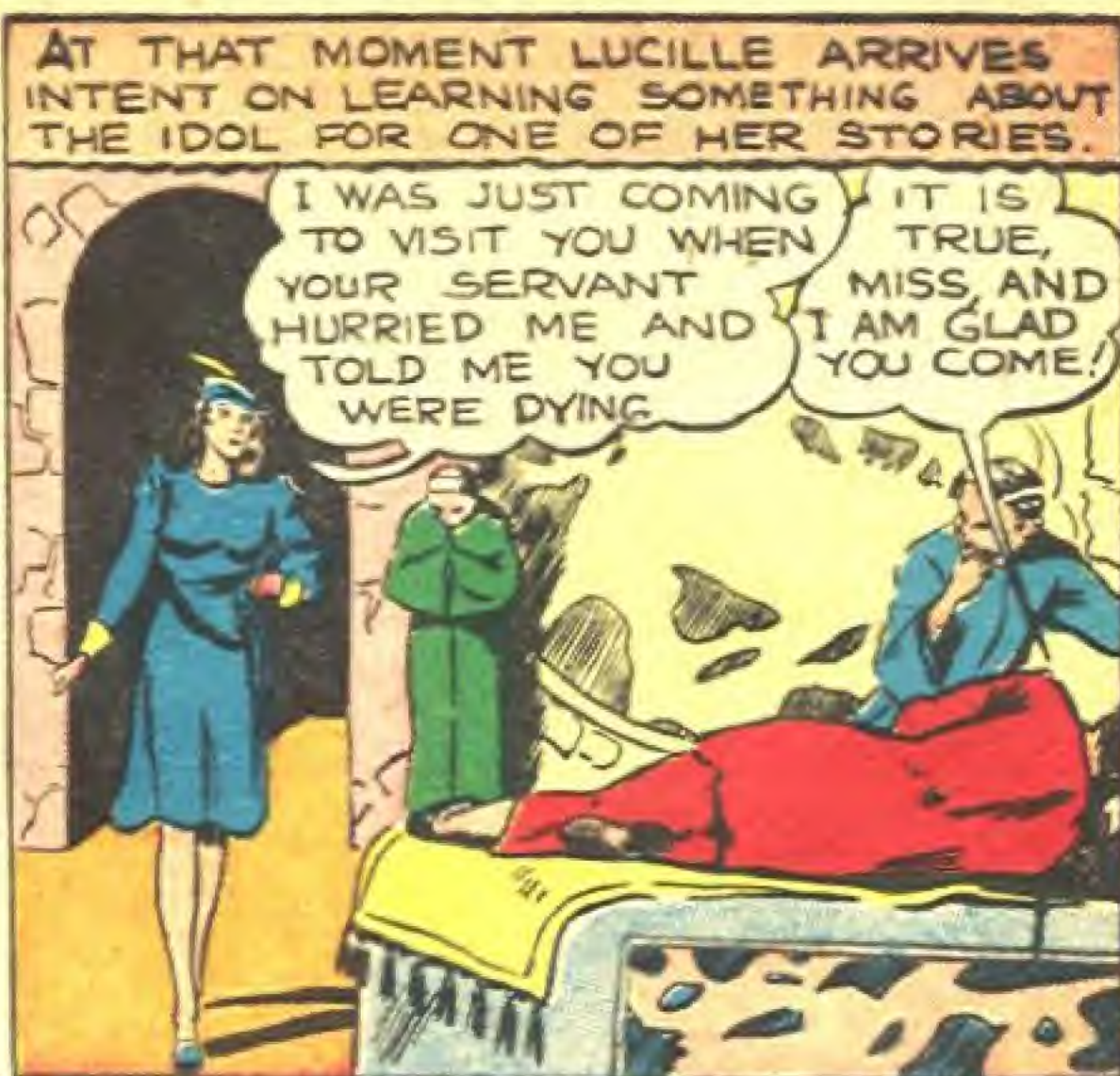


I'VE FAILED! HELP! BIN BIN, HELP!



WORTHY MASTER. WHAT HAPPENED?

SEND FOR THE GIRL--(GASP) LUCILLE MARTIN--(GASP) SHE CAN BE TRUSTED



AT THAT MOMENT LUCILLE ARRIVES INTENT ON LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT THE IDOL FOR ONE OF HER STORIES.

I WAS JUST COMING TO VISIT YOU WHEN YOUR SERVANT HURRIED ME AND TOLD ME YOU WERE DYING

IT IS TRUE, MISS, AND I AM GLAD YOU COME!



YOU ARE OUR FRIEND AND I TRUST YOU WITH THIS. TRY TO LEARN (GASP)-- HOW TO OPEN IT. THE FATE OF CHINA DEPENDS ON IT!



I PROMISE

YOUR MASTER IS DEAD. I HAVE MADE A YOW TO HIM AND I SHALL KEEP IT!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, MISSY. HAND OVER IDOL.

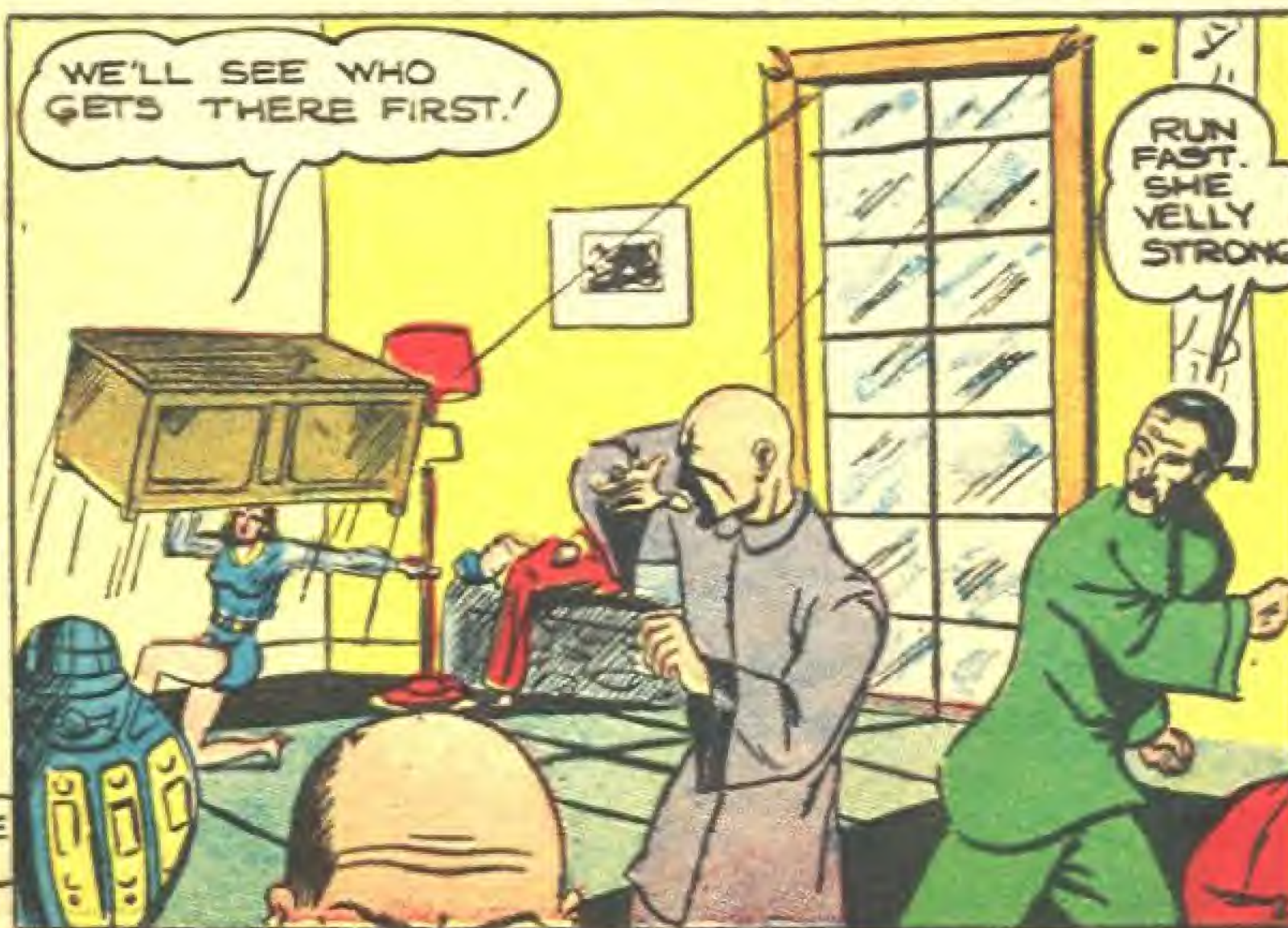


YOU VELLY SLOW!

LUCILLE ZIPS OFF HER DRESS REVEALING HERSELF AS THE BLUE LADY. THE TRAITOROUS SERVANTS ARE SURPRISED.

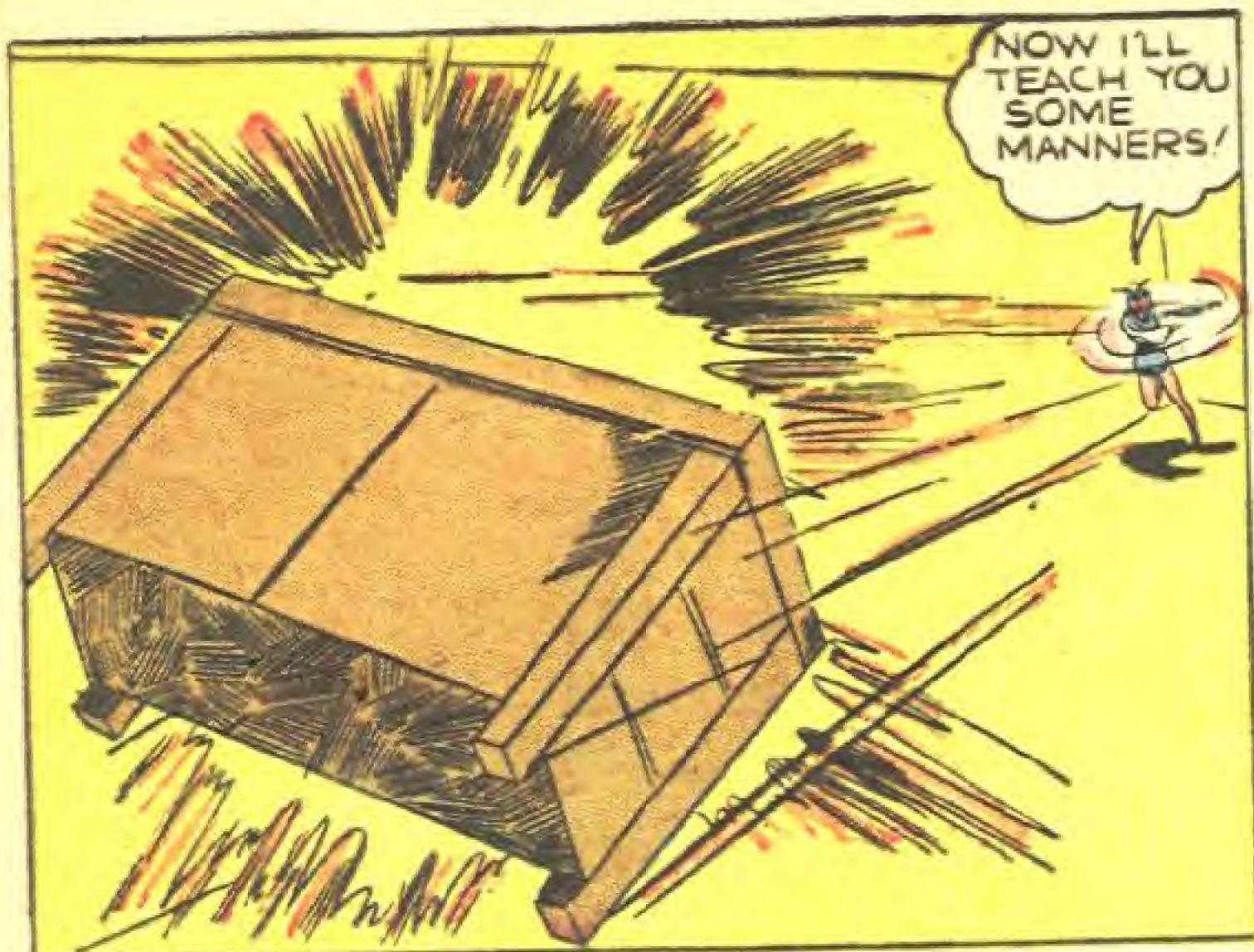


NOT AS SLOW AS YOU THINK YOU'RE SPIES AND TRAITORS TO YOUR COUNTRY!



WE'LL SEE WHO GETS THERE FIRST!

RUN FAST. SHE VELLY STRONG



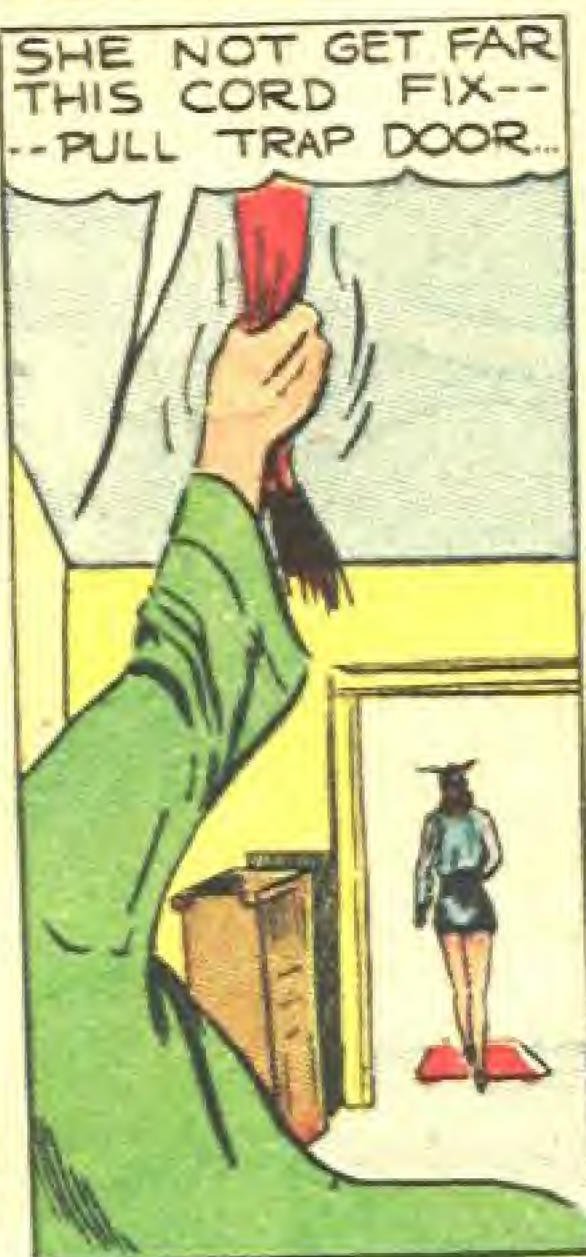
NOW I'LL
TEACH YOU
SOME
MANNERS!



NEVER GRAB THINGS BUT
ALWAYS ASK FOR THEM
POLITELY.



IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL
EXCUSE ME, I HAVE SOME
BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.



SHE NOT GET FAR
THIS CORD FIX--
--PULL TRAP DOOR...



UGH!
I'M
FALLING!



THIS CERTAINLY IS
A MASSIVE LOOKING
DUNGEON. BETTER
PUT THE IDOL
IN MY BELT
AND KEEP BOTH
HANDS ON DECK.



WELL I'LL BE--
THEY'RE TRYING
TO CRUSH ME
WITH THESE
MOVING WALLS



I'LL INCH MY WAY UP A LITTLE FURTHER AND CRASH THROUGH THAT CEILING



THIS ISN'T LADY-LIKE BUT IT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT



I'VE GOT TO GET HOME AND LOOK THROUGH THOSE PAPERS BELONGING TO LOTUS BEFORE SHE WAS KILLED. THE SECRET OF OPENING THE JADE IDOL MAY BE IN THEM



I HOPE THEY DIDN'T FOLLOW ME HOME



HERE'S A LETTER FROM SING THANG I'LL OPEN IT AND FIND OUT IF IT HAS ANY DIRECTIONS



Honorable Sir,
We have deemed it advisable to alter the method of opening the jade idol. Turn the head to the left and press down. Hold the figure with its back to you when you do this.
Hongan
Jen

UNKNOWNLY SHE IS FOLLOWED TO HER HOME BY THE CHINESE GANGSTERS



THAT'S HER ALL LIGHT! WE CLIMB IN THROUGH WINDOW AND THROW OIL ON BLUE BIRD RING. RING LOSE CHARM WITH OIL ON IT.





I'LL HEAD BACK FOR CHINATOWN AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP THEIR TRAIL



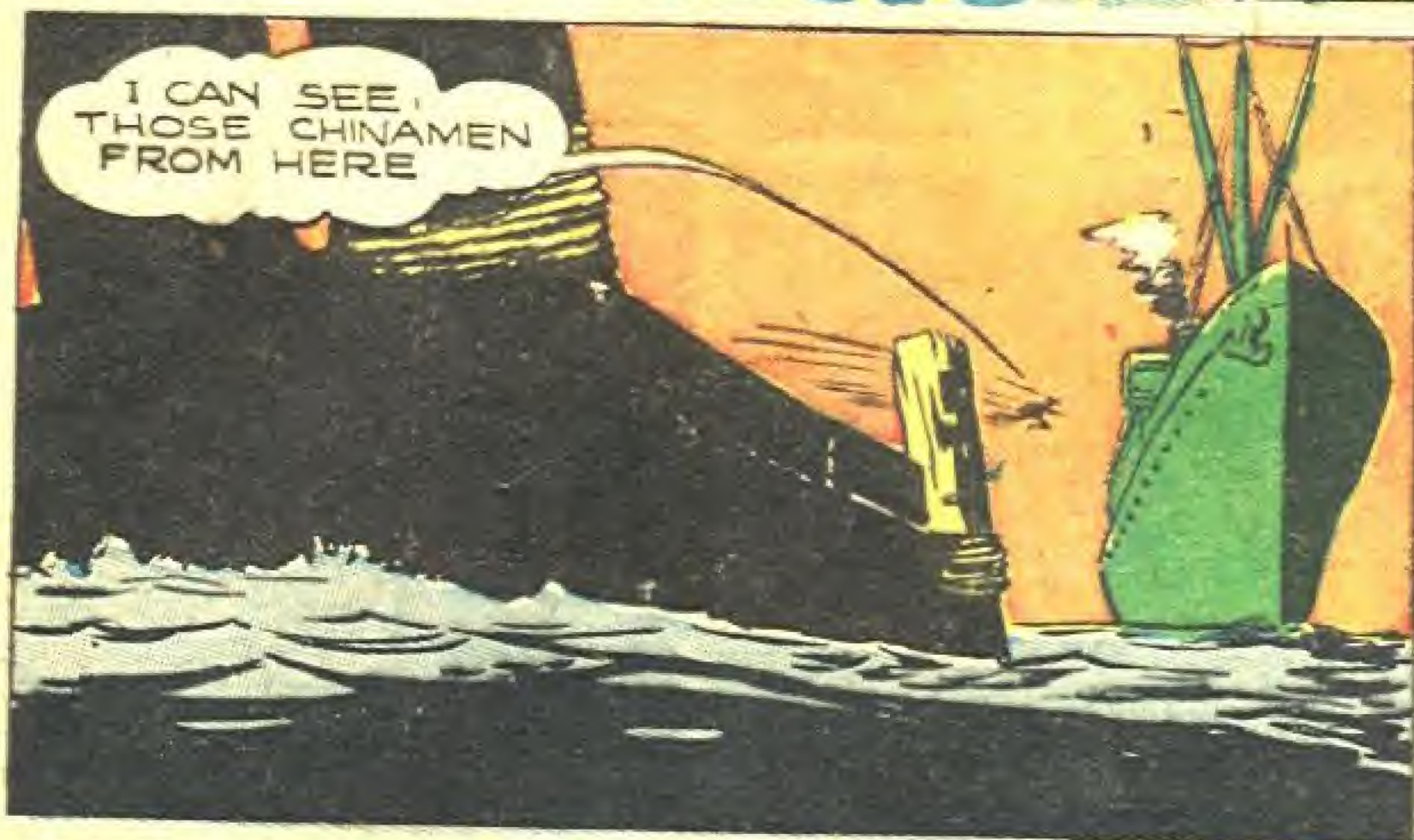
A FRIENDLY CHINAMAN GREETES THE BLUE LADY AS SHE STEPS FROM HER CAR

YOU ARE HONORABLE BLUE LADY. MEN YOU SEEK HAVE GONE TO PIER 18 TO TAKE BOAT. I AM LOYAL CHINESE TO AMERICA AND CHINA

THANKS THATS ALL I WANTED TO KNOW



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BOAT. BETTER INVESTIGATE IT--!



I CAN SEE THOSE CHINAMEN FROM HERE



COME AND GET ME!

THROW BLUE LADY OVERBOARD! KILL HER! CHOP HEAD OFF!!

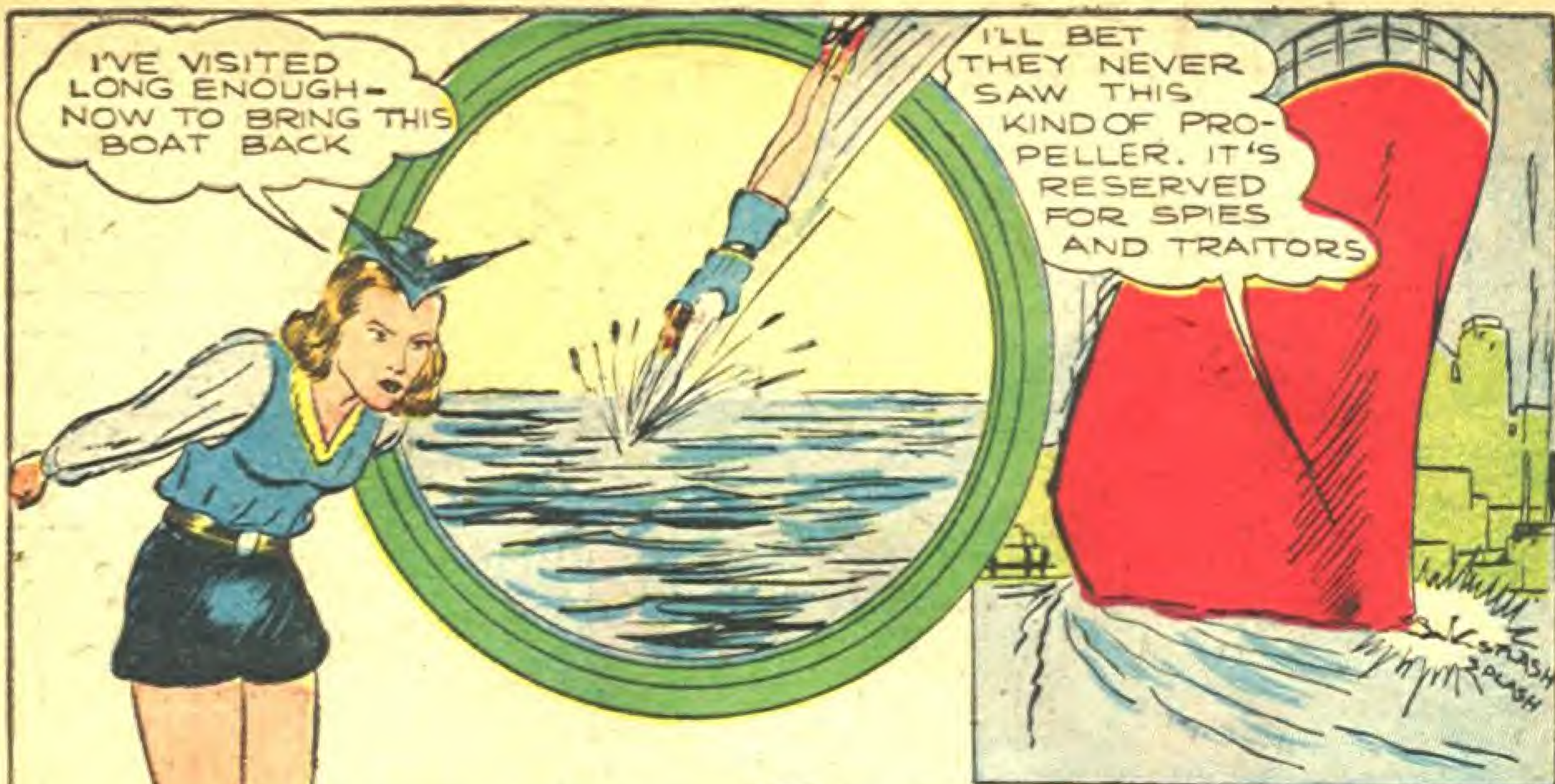


I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!



THIS OUGHT TO HELP





I'VE VISITED LONG ENOUGH - NOW TO BRING THIS BOAT BACK

I'LL BET THEY NEVER SAW THIS KIND OF PROPELLER. IT'S RESERVED FOR SPIES AND TRAITORS



I'M GLAD YOU CAME ALONG. I THINK I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU

WE HAD REPORTS OF A RIOT TAKING PLACE ON BOARD THAT SHIP

HERE'S WHAT WAS INSIDE THE IDOL - THIS PIECE OF PAPER GIVES THE DIRECTIONS FOR RECOVERING A HIDDEN GOLD SHIPMENT FROM CHINA THEY'RE TRYING TO PAY THEIR DEBTS AND I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS

I CERTAINLY WILL BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS IN THE MEANTIME



SORRY BUT I'VE GOT SOME KNITTING TO DO -!

THAT AFTERNOON THE BLUE LADY BECOMES LUCILLE MARTIN ONCE AGAIN AND HAS LUNCH WITH LARRY, HER FIANCE

SAY WHERE WERE YOU ALL DAY? DID YOU READ ABOUT THE EXCITEMENT AT THE WATERFRONT? SOMETHING ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN THEY CALL THE BLUE LADY

AH-ER NO WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS BUSY SHOPPING



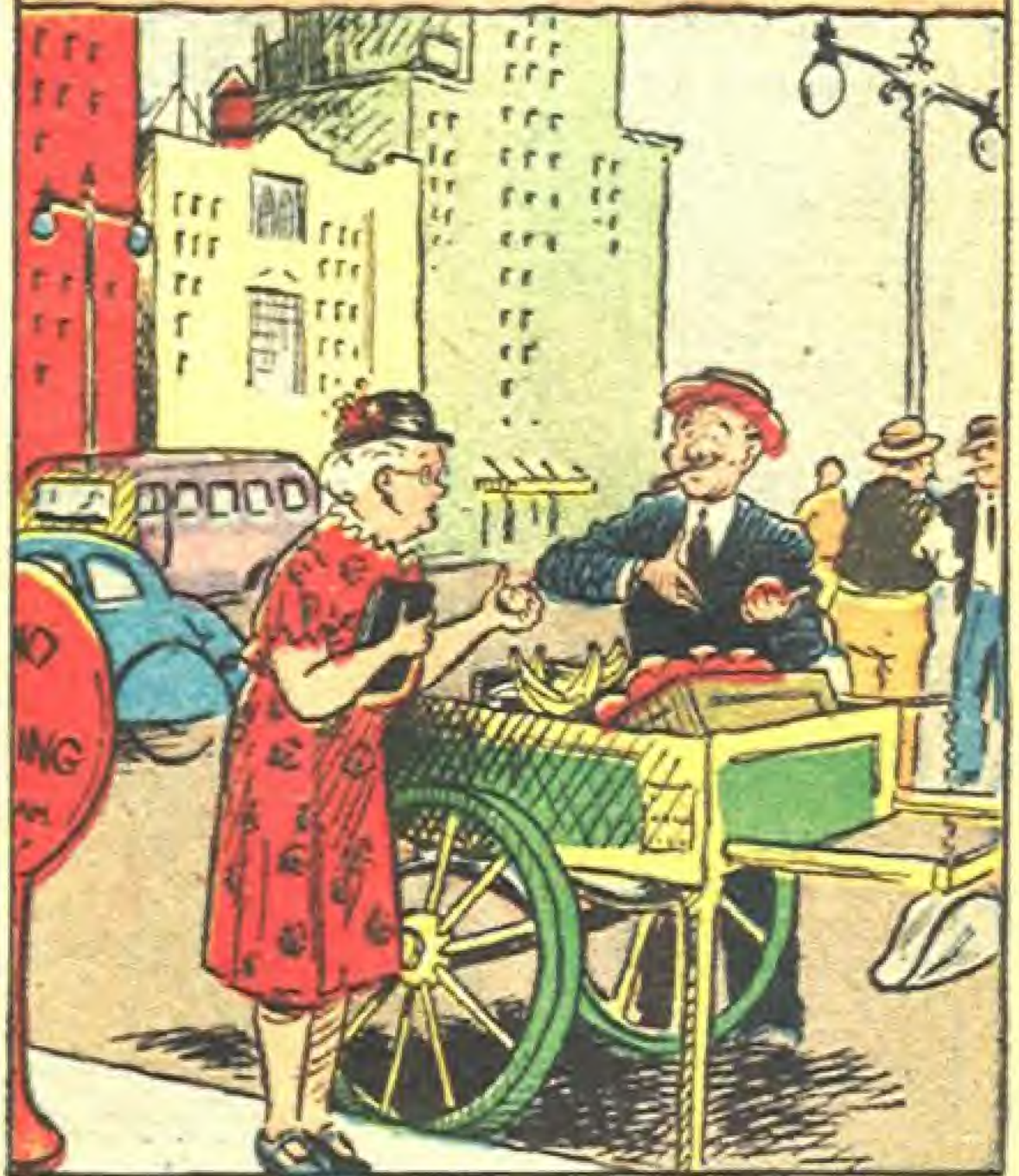
The End

Life AT ITS WORST by RAY HOULIHAN



"THIS IS THE
LAST TIME I'LL
EVER COME ON
THIS BLASTED
THING!!!"

"VERY GOOD TOMATOES, LADY.
FIFTEEN CENTS FOR LARGE
POUND---TEN CENTS FOR
SMALL POUND!!"



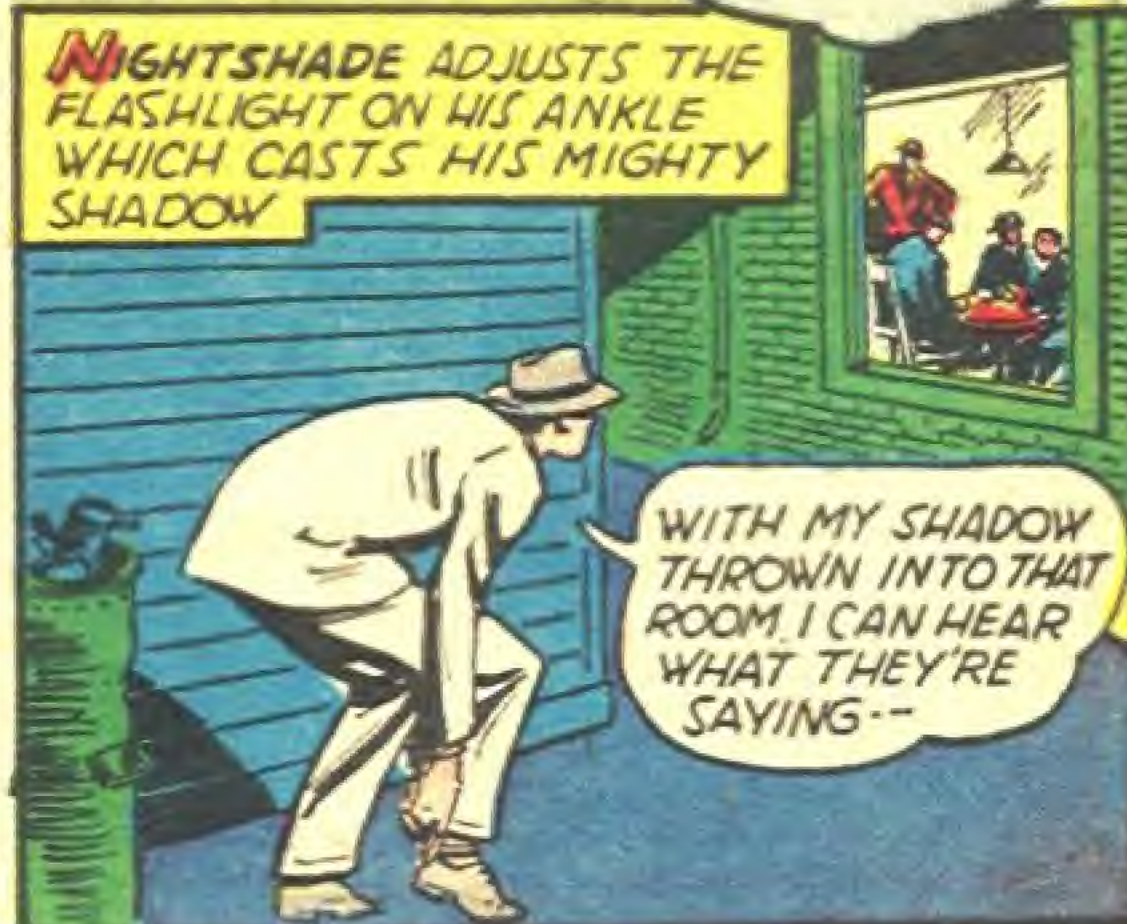
"I TOLD YOU THAT WAS A BURGLAR-
ALARM--NOT A DOOR BELL!!"

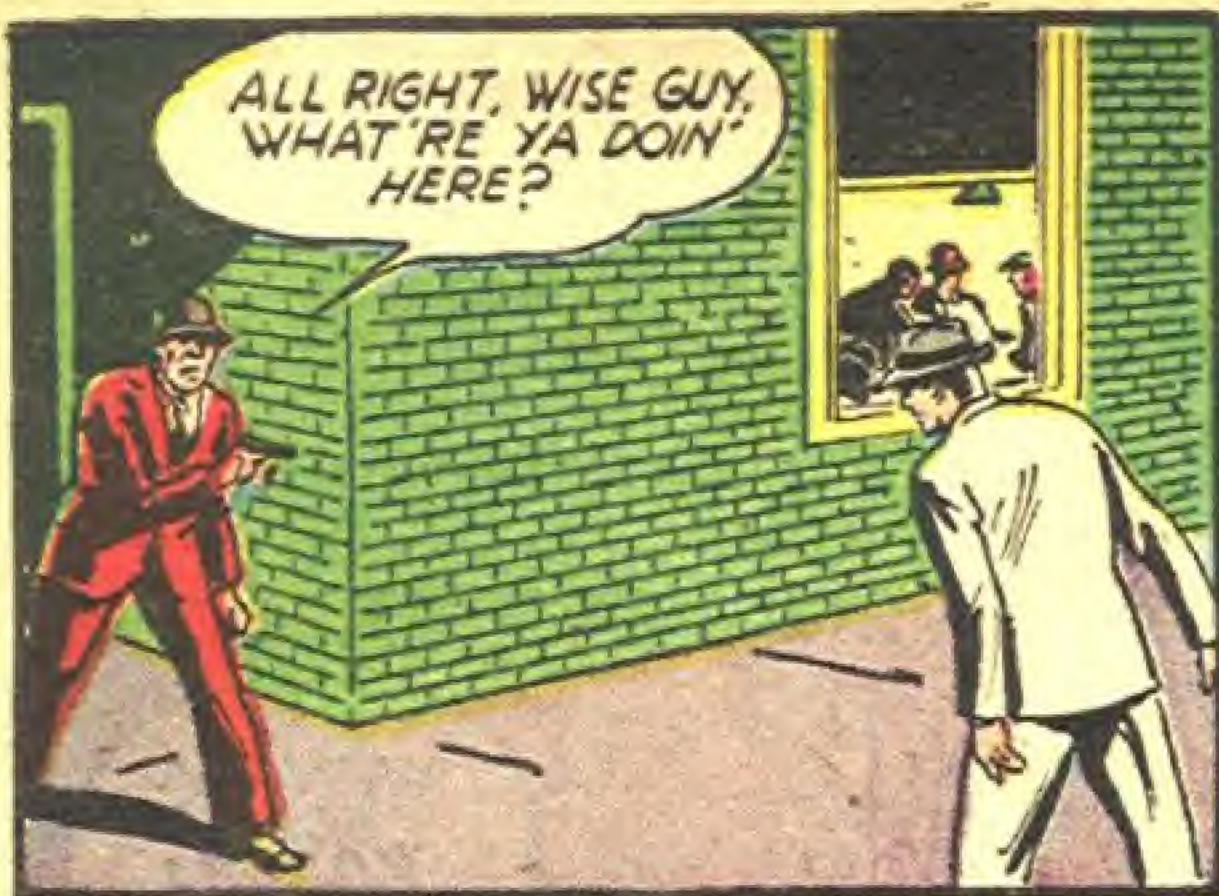


"YOO-HOO! YOU
DROPPED YOUR
HANDKERCHIEF,
LADY!!"

NIGHTSHADE

THE SHADOW IS A LIVING THING
IT HEARS - IT WHISPERS - IT ACTS



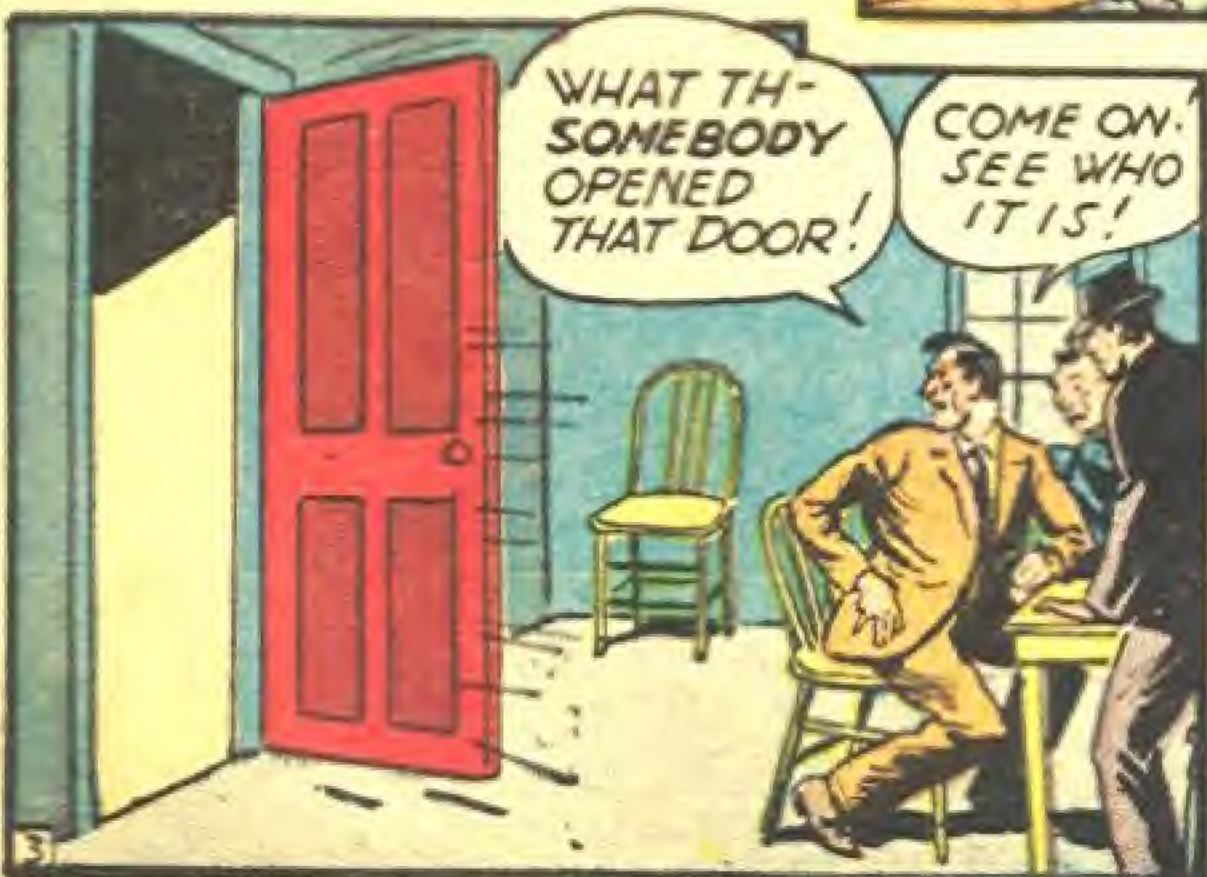


AND TO THE THUG'S AMAZE-
MENT, NIGHTSHADE
GOES INTO ACTION





THROWING HIS SHADOW INSIDE THE ROOM NIGHTSHADE UNLATCHES THE WINDOW—



NIGHTSHADE'S SHADOW GOES TO WORK-



SURPRISED, THE THUGS ARE HELPLESS AGAINST THIS SHADOW POSSESSED OF LIFE!



HURLING HIS BLACKJACK, THE THUG BREAKS THE LAMP WHICH CASTS THE NIGHTSHADE'S SHADOW-



HIS SHADOW GONE, NIGHTSHADE IS OVERPOWERED BY THE THUGS



NOW WE GOT SOME LIGHT IN HERE - LET'S SEE WHO OUR SUPERMAN IS-



COME ON MISTER. WE'LL FIX YOU, OUTSIDE-

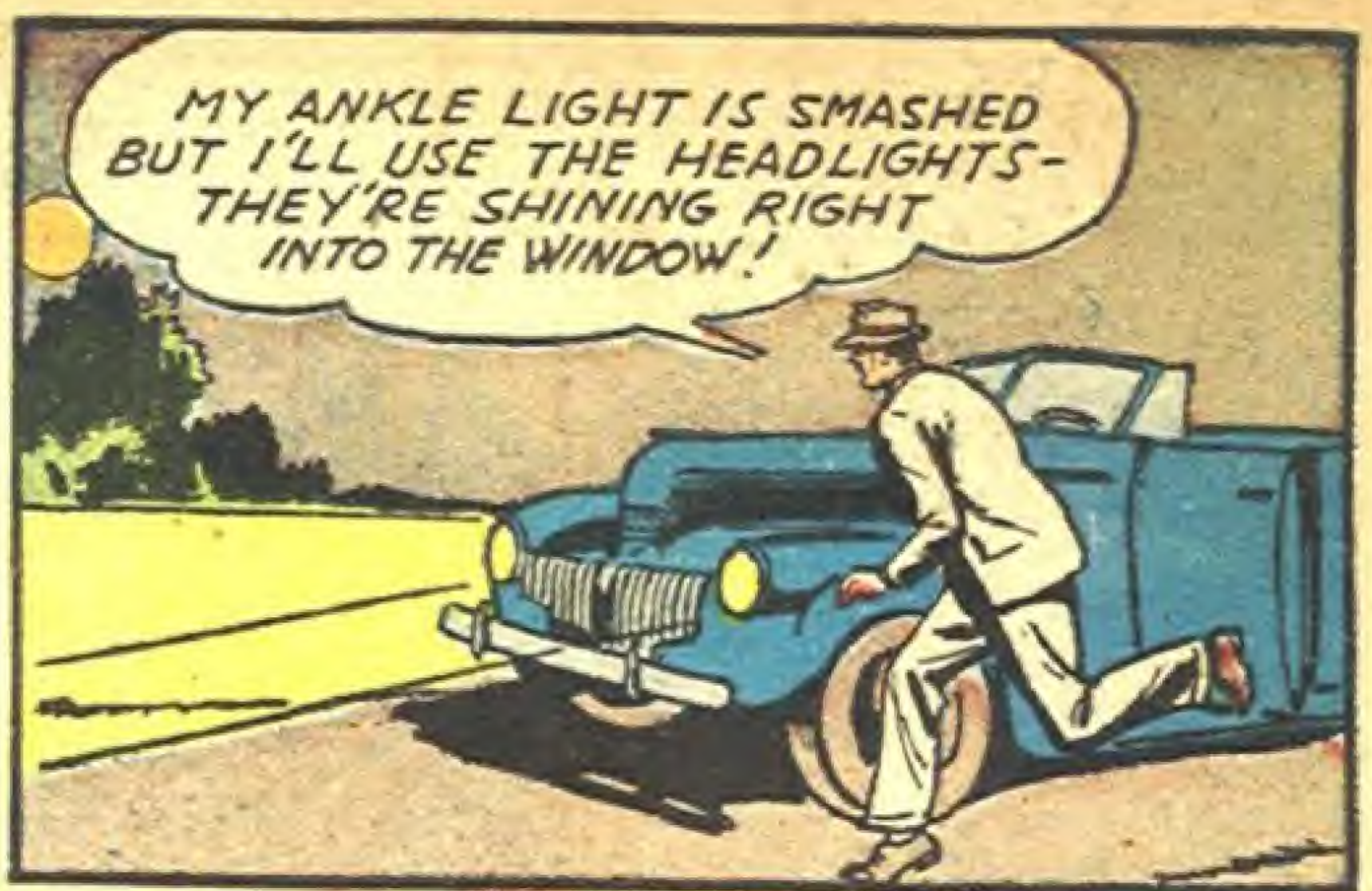
IF I CAN GET IN FRONT OF THE LAMP I-----



AS NIGHTSHADE WALKS TO THE DOOR, HIS SHADOW, CAST BY THE LAMP, REACHES THE ARMED THUGS!







Join!

LIBERTY GUARDS

HAVE YOU JOINED THE
LIBERTY GUARDS
YET?

YES - LOOK AT
THE SWELL LIBERTY
BELL BADGE I GOT!



SEND 10¢ IN COIN TO LIBERTY GUARDS,
215 FOURTH AVE., TO COVER COST OF
MAILING AND HANDLING THE VALUABLE
BELL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE

LIBERTY GUARDS



HELP SMOKEY SKIPPER AND STRUT, WHO
APPEAR IN EVERY ISSUE OF "MAN OF WAR"
COMICS, GUARD OUR LIBERTY BY FIGHTING ALL
SPIES, TRAITORS, AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS WHO
THREATEN OUR COUNTRY. A PLEDGE TO KEEP
AMERICA SAFE FROM DICTATORS MAKES YOU
ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. USE THE COUPON
BELOW TO RECEIVE THE OFFICIAL BELL
BADGE AND CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP
SHOWN HERE...



I HEREBY PROMISE TO BE A GOOD AMERICAN - TO DO
EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO PRESERVE OUR FREEDOM OF
SPEECH, FREEDOM OF RELIGION, FREEDOM OF PRESS AND
FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY—AND TO HELP GUARD OUR LIBERTY.

(MEMBER'S SIGNATURE)

LIBERTY GUARDS

LIBERTY GUARDS
215 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

I WISH TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE
LIBERTY GUARDS BY PLEDGING TO PRESERVE
OUR FREEDOM OF SPEECH, RELIGION AND
PRESS AND TO HELP GUARD OUR LIBERTY.
I AM ENCLOSED 10¢ PLEASE MAIL MY
BADGE AND CERTIFICATE.

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ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

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Name _____

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or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____